

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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PENTHOUSE

VOL 23 NO 3 MARCH 2002 BLACK LABEL EDITION

features

Havana Harleys

A homage to a classic American symbol — the Harley-Davidson motorcycle — in Cuba. Denounced after the 1959 revolution as the foremost symbol of American imperialism, the Harley is back.

By Reuben Parker

Top 10 Surf Spots

For Aussies and Kiwis, surfing is more than just a sport, it's a religion. Albeit one that attracts the chicks. *Australian Penthouse* goes in search of the best waves... and women.

By Adam Gibson

Kung-fu Fighting with Tarantino

We talk to Quentin Tarantino about growing up watching "grindhouse" cinema, blaxploitation movies and spaghetti westerns, and his influence on other filmmakers.

By Jordan Riefe

Guide to Sydney Brothels

Do you prefer blondes or brunettes? Threesomes or a good thrashing? A quickie with a French maid or getting washed down by a nurse? *Australian Penthouse* finds out what the Olympic City's premier brothels have to offer.

By Tony Tattaglia

pictorials

Juna

By Stephen Hicks

Lily

By Hank Londoner

Sandy & Julianne

By Viv Thomas

Nakita

By Stephen Hicks

Samantha & Steven

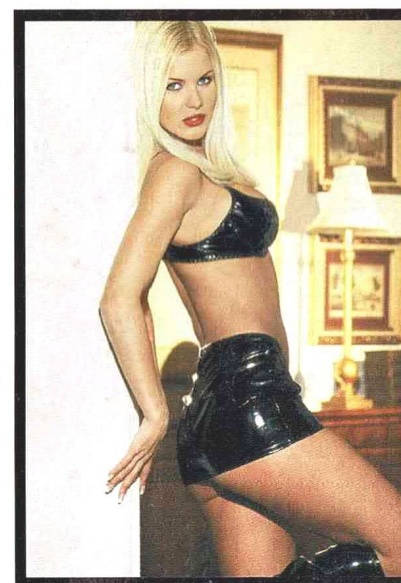
By Hank Londoner

Hannah

By Hank Londoner

Threesome

By Jules Bart



Cover by Stephen Hicks

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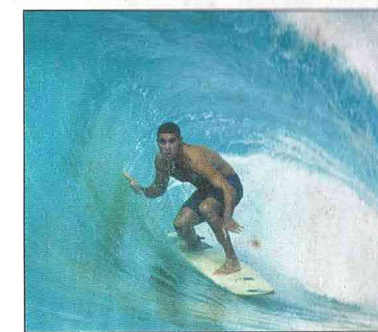
TOP SCORE

Great giveaways

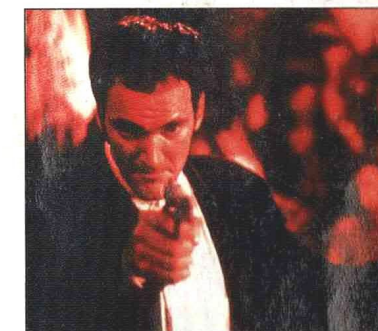
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Hog heaven Cuban-style, p 26.



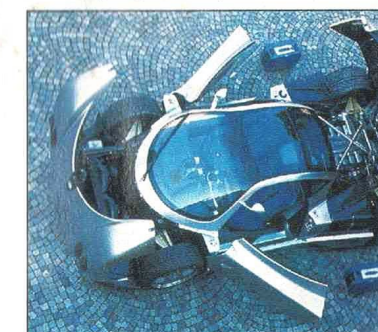
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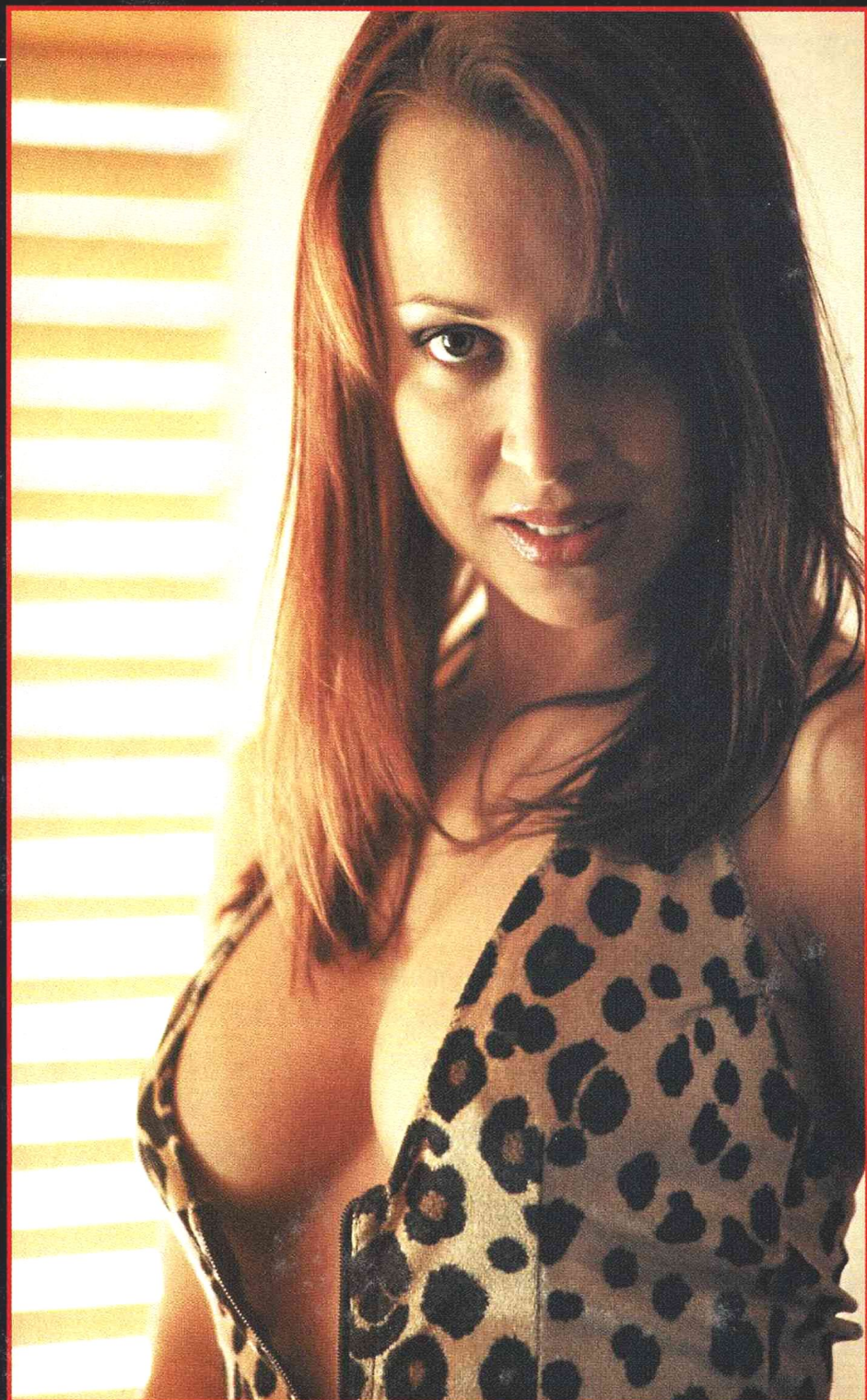
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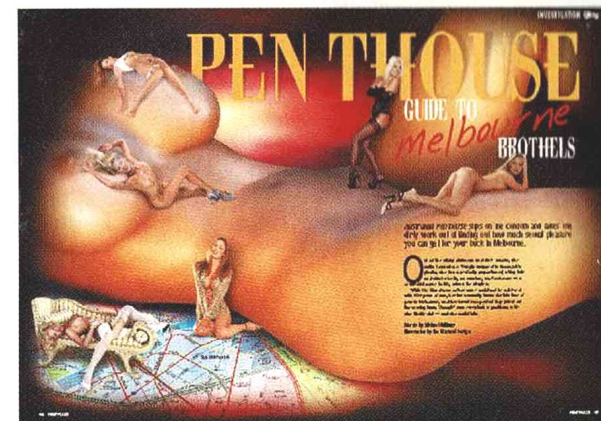
Oh Brothel, Where Art Thou?

Congratulations on an insightful and thorough rundown of Melbourne's houses of ill repute (September 2001).

I've been to just about every one of the brothels covered (thanks for the maps) and I concur they were just how you describe them. It's good to see that industry lifting its standards. Brothels have come a long way since the heady days of back-alley rooms with a tacky bed and box of tissues. — *Name and address withheld*

Land of the Long-time Held Secret

Back in 1973 I had to do some babysitting for our farm manager and beside his bed was a big stack of *Penthouse* magazines. From that moment, I was hooked. Ever since then I've been after them in a



big way. But they were never easy to find.

Until I was 18 I'd steal them regularly from anybody who had them. When I could buy them myself I'd drive 80 kilometres each month for a copy. I reckon I've been buying *Penthouse* for 30 years — and without anybody knowing. I'm just glad that New Zealand now has its own version. But how about some local girls? — *Name and address withheld*

Men-Only Magazine

I know you guys must get this all the time, but, like they say, credit where credit is due. I just

thought I'd take the opportunity to thank you for the quality magazine. I'm a long-time reader and the latest issue (November 2001) is every bit as good as the others.

From the pictorials, to the diverse subjects covered in your articles, to the interesting bit pieces that grace the pages of *Penthouse*, you never fail to deliver.

Every month, you feature something (or someone) new and intriguing. Truly the epitome of the men's magazine. Nice to see that your models take off their swimsuits. — *Name and address withheld*

Australian Penthouse is not in the habit of running poetry, but this ode to someone special touched our hearts...

She's a Living Doll

Who cares if we don't get to go out, cocktail parties and movies to see.

We don't really like those things anyway my inflatable friend and me.

So what if my mother won't talk to her?

Who cares if my friends think she's cheap?

I paid \$40.95 for her

And she's easier to store than a sheep.

Well yes, she is lacking in conversation and no, we can't sit too close to the fire,

But when it comes to the climax of friendship

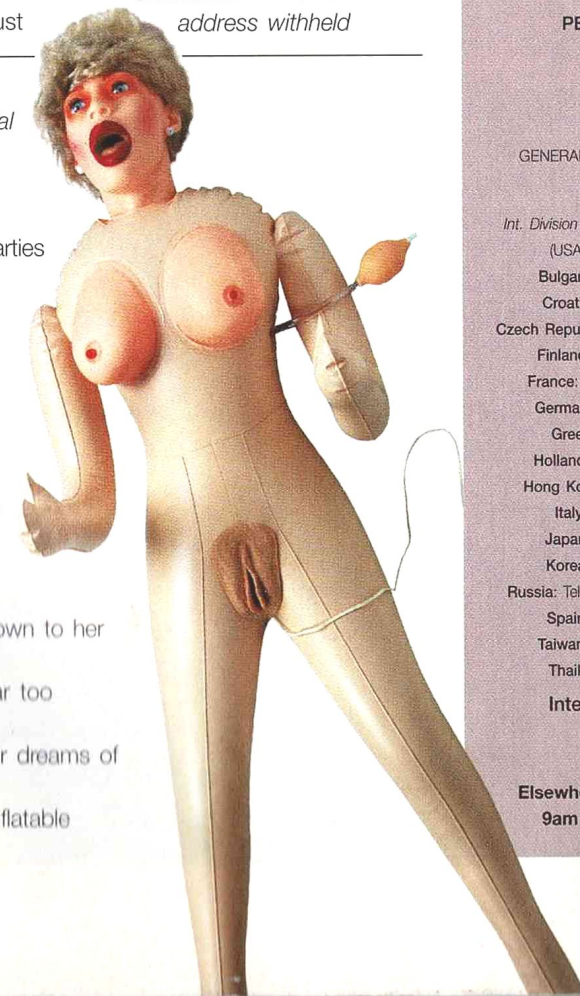
she's all anyone could really desire.

She's female, she's single, she's human right down to her true-to-life hair.

All right, so she's not an air breather but I'm far too entangled to care.

The breeders can keep their love fantasies, their dreams of divine repartee.

At least you could say that we're honest, my inflatable friend and me. — *Name and address withheld*



Australian PENTHOUSE

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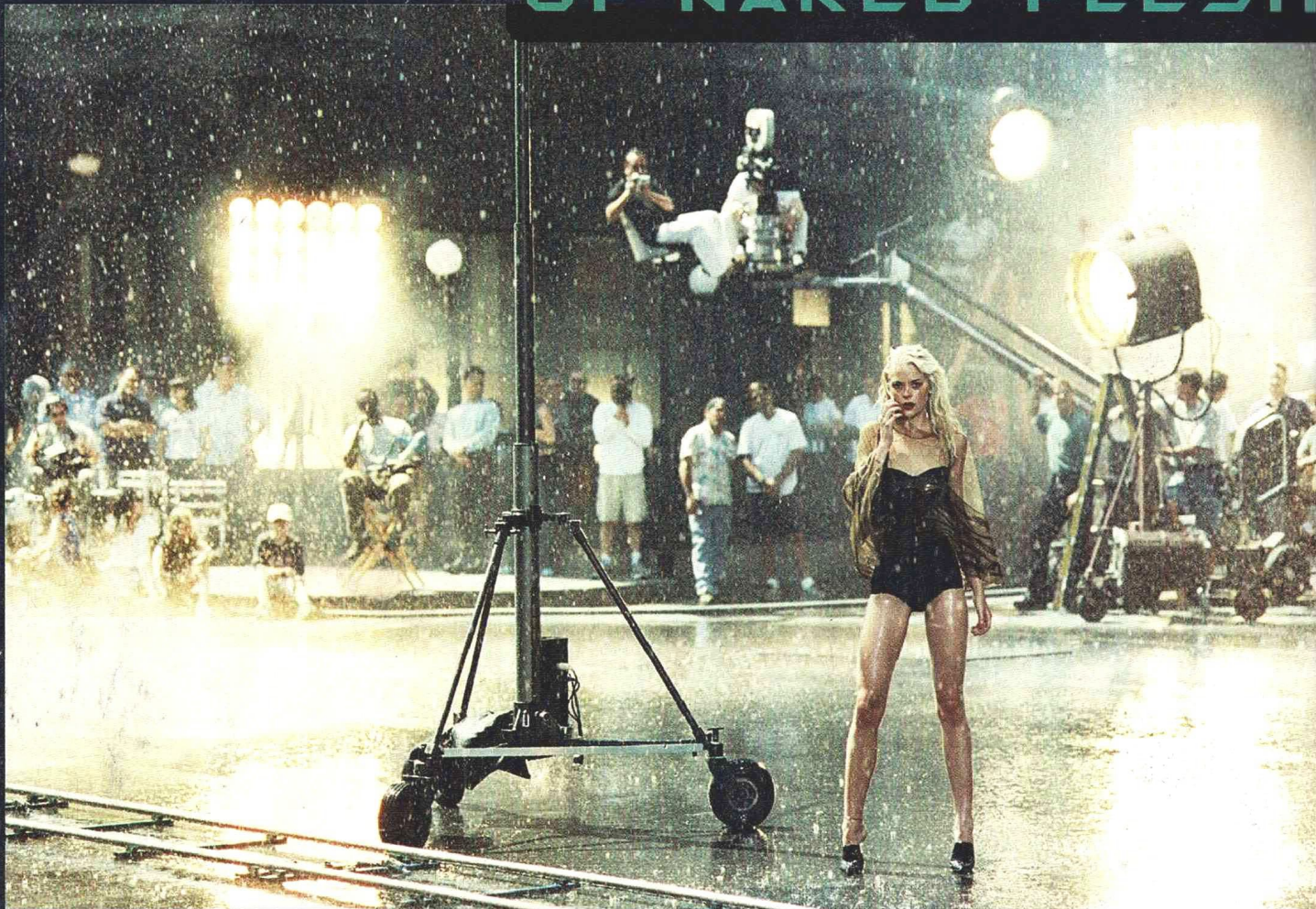
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Entertainment

Continuing your misspent youth

PIRELLI TYRES OF NAKED FLESH



Pirelli calendars are the stuff of legend. Who hasn't walked into a mechanic's office or workshop to find 12 stunning nudes, all tastefully photographed, hanging from a wall beside wrenches and oil cans?

But in these repressed times, are they going soft? The 2002 calendar was shot over six days at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood by internationally renowned photographer Peter Lindbergh. But forget the standard tyre marks over naked supermodel flesh, this one's full of tastefully-clothed actresses — yes, clothed! You see more arse on your local beach.

Peter Lindbergh says of the change in direction: "This time for Pirelli it's about the personalities of a carefully selected group of young Hollywood actresses and it's a lot of fun! We decided that it would be so much more artistic and so much more surprising to photograph the up-and-coming actresses who are going to be big in one or two years. So we picked them all not so much after their look but after what they do."

You be the judge.



Sex News

Cheaters Never Prosper

An Indian man has been found guilty of "cheating", trespassing and breach of promise for bedding a woman with a promise of marriage and then not making good on it. Dharam Singh reportedly claimed the woman in question was of loose morals (if not necessarily bad taste in men). The unidentified woman countered with charges of sexual abuse and of having been robbed of almost \$400. According to the New Delhi court, "A woman spurned by a man is a victim and suffers not only at the hands of the person who cheated her but also at the hands of society and, at times, her own family."

Why It's Called "Protection"

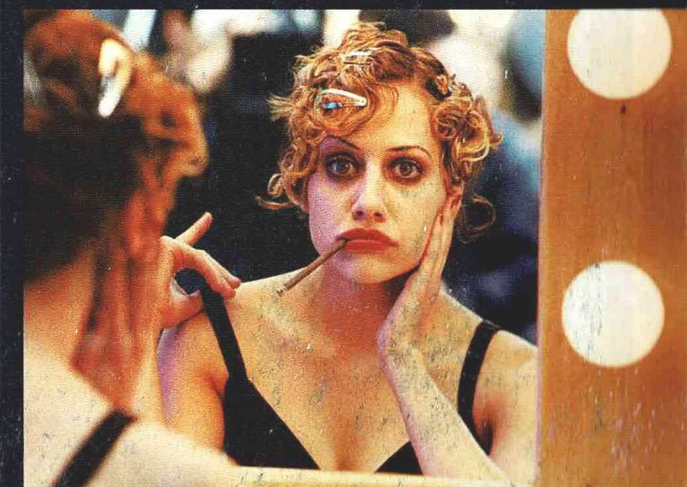
With the messy prospect of date rape in the air in these politically correct times, leave it to one man's ingenuity to solve the problem — maybe. David Morrow, a British inventor and former National Health Service manager, has announced plans to market "consent condoms", prophylactics that feature the slogan "Yes, I agree to have sex with you." In addition, the packaging will feature an insert on which a woman can place her thumbprint to record her consent. Not

everyone is thrilled with the idea. Says a spokeswoman for the British organisation Women Against Rape, "What on earth makes Morrow think that a man who can coerce a woman to have sex against her will could not coerce her in the same way into opening a box of condoms?"

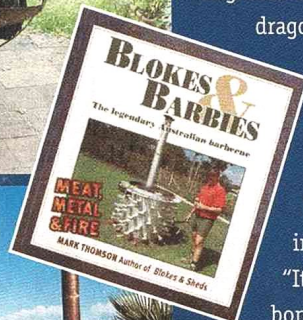
Crusaders Hit Net with Fake Porn

Be wary the next time you click on to your favourite porn Internet site. In a backlash against online pornography, thousands of Internet users in Sweden are taking part in a campaign to catch you with your pants down. Those morally, ahem, upright Swedes have asked Net users to create "fake" porn pages and register them at search engines to spoil the fun of those searching for horny material.

The result is 35,000 pages that promise porn, but, when accessed, contain the message, "porn is fake, girls are real". I guess you could call it Swede revenge for every time an innocuous search engine query has produced listings for sex sites. (Try typing in Jennifer Lopez in any search engine and chances are you'll be hit by screen after screen of porn, most with nothing at all to do with the singer/actress.) Organisers of the campaign, called "Get (some) Real", hope that if enough pages are created, searches for "Hot Teens", "Huge Tits", "Horny Housewives" or the like will deliver their anti-exploitation message to the target audience.



I'M A BARBIE BLOKE



Following the success of his earlier *Blokes and Sheds*, Mark Thomson pays homage to meat, metal and fire in his new celebration of the legendary Australian barbecue. The book showcases dozens of marvels of backyard engineering, from a giant dragon cooker made from recycled tools and car parts to a converted lawnmower — two backyard icons rolled into one. Beaudiful. "It's part tribal bonding, part ritual ceremony, part bare necessity. That's the Aussie barbecue: a back-to-basics, one-size-fits-all outdoor celebration." *Blokes and Barbies* by Mark Thomson is published by Harper Collins, RRP \$19.95.

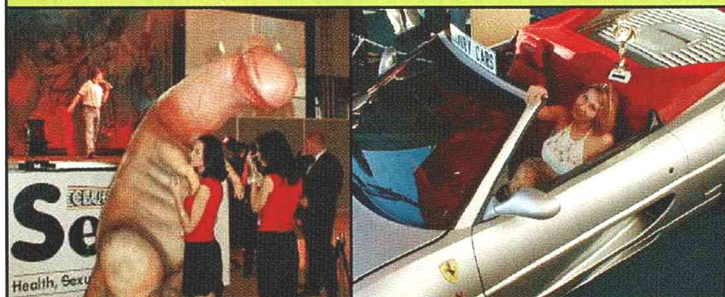


Sexpo, a celebration of the "adult lifestyle" we all love to embrace, has come a long way since its humble beginnings in 1996 in Melbourne, when punters slinked around 20 seedy stalls (including ours) hoping they wouldn't run into someone they knew. Six years on, Sexpo has exploded into the nation's busiest public exhibition, drawing record crowds in four major cities — and you're likely to run into anyone from your boss to your Auntie Flo. But don't let that put you off, because Sexpo is also one of the few places the average suburban bloke is assured of coming face-to-face with the hottest *Penthouse* Pets and international pornstars like Shayla LaVeaux, not to mention seven-foot rubber penises.

To lend Sexpo an air of mainstream respectability, organisers have been keen to underplay the "sex" theme in recent years. But while the range of exhibitors has expanded to include health experts and the like, from the moment you walk through the door to find dozens of inflatable blow-up dolls hanging from the rafters, you're under no illusions as to the real attraction.

You'll find a truly awe-inspiring range of treasures dreamt up by the world's most creative and dirty minds. But for many visitors the highlight of Sexpo is the on-stage entertainment, which includes amateur competitions and regular performances from the country's most in-demand female and male strippers.

Catch SEXPO 2002 in Brisbane from February 28 to March 3; Adelaide from May 2 to 5 and Sydney July 18 to 21. Check your local media for info or visit www.sexpo.com.au. You need to be over 18 to get in and tickets are sold at the door.



PUTTING THE "SEX" INTO SEXPO



Miss Nude World

Meet Australia's own and very sexy Morgan Sommers, winner of the Miss Nude World International 2002. She is also the holder of the hotly contested Miss Nude World Hottest Body and Miss Nude World Pole Champion titles in addition to Miss Nude Australia 2002 Most Photogenic. Morgan is the first dancer in 15 years to win the title of Miss Nude World International with a natural body. And what a body it is. Here she is showing it off in all its glory in a steamy performance for her adoring public, shown here for *Australian Penthouse* readers.

Great Sporting Quotes

"The lead car is absolutely unique, except for the one behind it which is identical." — Murray Walker

"Strangely, in slow motion replay, the ball seemed to hang in the air for even longer." — David Acfield

"Ah, isn't that nice, the wife of the Cambridge president is kissing the cox of the Oxford crew." — Harry Carpenter, BBC TV Boat Race 1977

"Julian Dicks is everywhere. It's like they've got 11 Dicks on the field." — Metro Radio

"Morcelli has four fastest 1500-metre times ever. And all those times are at 1500 metres." — David Coleman

"I owe a lot to my parents, especially my mother and father." — Greg Norman (pictured right)

"Andrew Mehrtens loves it when Darryl Gibson comes inside of him." — Murray Mexted, NZ rugby commentator

"Well, either side could win it, or it could be a draw." — Ron Atkinson

"Sure there have been injuries and deaths in boxing — but none of them serious." — Alan Minter

"If history repeats itself, I should think we can expect the same thing again." — Terry Venables

"I would not say he (David Ginola) is the best left winger in the Premiership, but there are none better." — Ron Atkinson

"He dribbles a lot and the opposition don't like it — you can see it all over their faces." — Ron Atkinson

"There goes Juantorena down the back straight, opening his legs and showing his class." — David Coleman at The Montreal Olympics

"What will you do when you leave football, Jack, will you stay in football?" — Stuart Hall, Radio 5 live

W

hen the National Museum of Australia opened its doors a year ago, its radical exhibits drew such bad press that the launch the day before of its naughty neighbour, the National Museum of Erotica, was relatively drama-free. It even received the blessing of politicians, including former Chief Minister of the ACT, Kate Carnell, who launched it. And aside from a few wowsers' unsuccessful attempts to have it closed, the Museum of Erotica has continued to flourish and build up its stimulating collection of erotic art.

Founders Fiona Patton and Robbie Swan, of sex industry lobby group the Eros Foundation, said the museum would "provide a focus for the nation's erotic soul". Its aim was to reflect the erotic roots (so to speak) of Australians and their multi-faceted sexual culture, thus filling a void left by all the other displays of nationality that sweep our sex lives under the carpet while claiming to represent our collective identity.

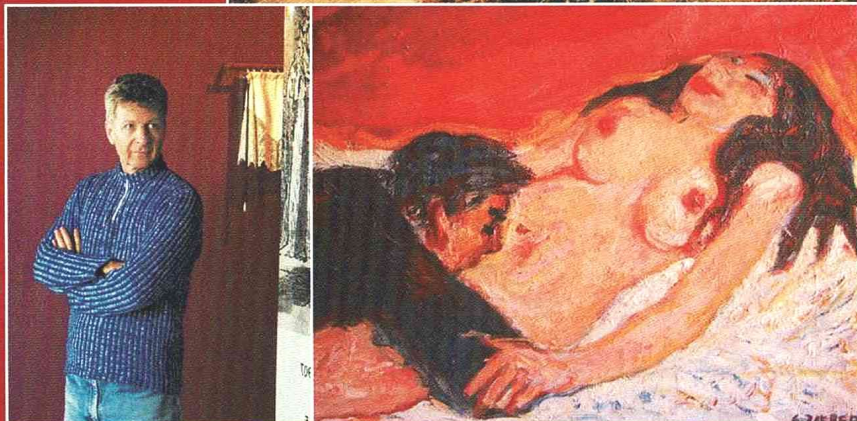
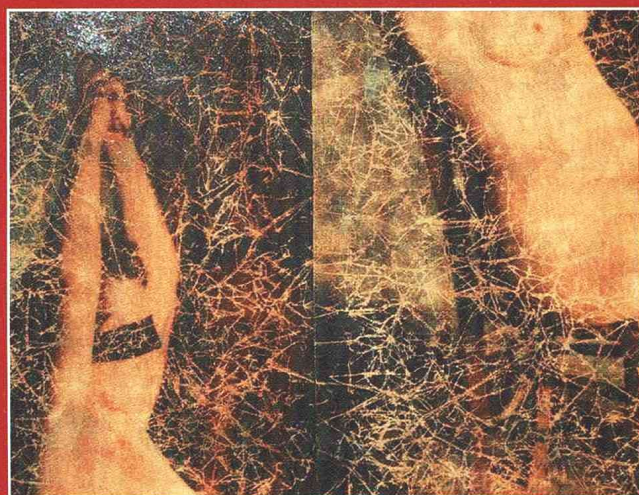
Whether the wowsers like it or not, Australians do have sex. And sex has been celebrated in the form of erotic art for many hundreds of years, although much of the evidence has been destroyed and consigned to the dustbin of history, or vandalised by moral crusaders, its creators persecuted or locked up.

This is why the museum's current exhibition, the 'Liebe' (love) collection is so unique. The collection of erotic engravings from the late 19th Century by Hungarian artist Michael von Zichy is a landmark work that the modern viewer may find very confronting, with its depictions of what appears to be children involved in very sexual acts. Yet the styles of lovemaking depicted were once mainstream.

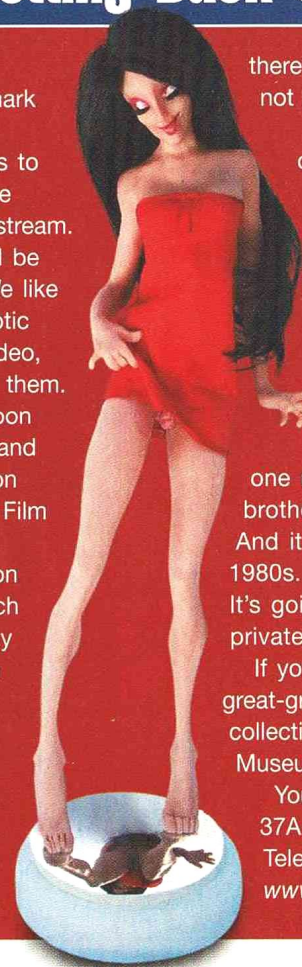
Robbie Swan does not believe a line should be drawn between erotic art and pornography. "We like buying erotic art, but we also like watching erotic videos. A lot of people out there enjoy an x-video, but also have a really creative, sensual side of them."

"I just think there's good and bad art. As soon as you start to draw a line between erotic art and pornography, you end up in that stupid situation that we're in at the moment with the Office of Film and Literature Classification. They make these value judgements about what is pornography on the one hand and what's art on the other, which just doesn't match up with what the community believes and really is just one person's opinion over another's. And that's not a democracy."

Tracking early Australian erotica has proved quite a challenge for the museum. As Swan explains: "It's very hard to try and plot Australia's erotic history. We've had donations of things like erotic underwear from the 1920s and postcards between lovers, and



Getting Back to Our Erotic Roots



there's a little bit of early photography around, but not much. We were such a repressed society.

In the 1920s you start to see some little cartoon books and the like, but it really didn't come about until the '50s, when artists like Richard Larter and his wife started to do really odd performance art in that "Push" era. Then we had the emergence of those so-called men's magazines like *Man* and *Adam*, from about 1950.

"We've actually managed to get hold of an early vibrator from a brothel, probably early 1940s, it's an American one made out of Bakelite. It was used in a brothel in Braidwood called the Pig and Whistle. And it operated from 1930 right through until the 1980s. We're trying to collect as much as we can. It's going to rely on people opening up their private collections."

If your family heirlooms include a pair of your great-grandma's sexiest lace knickers, or a prized collection of retro raunch from the 1950s, the Museum of Erotica needs you.

You'll find the National Museum of Erotica at 37A Northbourne Avenue, Canberra City. Telephone (02) 6230 5022 for details or visit www.nationalmuseumoferotica.com.

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The Return Of Terri Bowie

The former Pet of the Year has been to hell and back after a crash put her in a coma and doctors said she would never walk again.

A group of men are gathered around a podium in a men's club in the heart of Sydney's Kings Cross, some precariously balanced on the edge of their seats. Each is clutching a wad of dancing dollars. One man is offering one to a statuesque blonde who is writhing on a pole in front of them, buck naked, save for some strategically placed soap suds barely covering her breasts and immaculately groomed mound.

I wipe away some soapy film from my eyes, flung my way as I entered the club, and stare, mouth agape. The blonde goddess prancing about on

stage is none other than former *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year Terri Bowie. The woman who hung out with the likes of Mick Jagger and Jon Bon Jovi. That very night, rumour went around the club that she had earlier knocked back a \$10,000 indecent proposal from a visiting sheik.

This was Terri in the early '90s, still riding the crest of a popularity wave usually reserved for our sporting greats. She'd scooped the Pet of the Year title in 1989 and had toured the world for a number of years as part of a cabaret show, and popped up on most TV shows and magazines in the country.

And she was, in the middle of the

Terri was in a coma for a month, broke several bones and suffered severe head injuries.

"They didn't expect me to walk again and said I would have to be institutionalised," she says. "But I'm a stubborn bitch. They sent me to rehab. They said I could leave when I could walk again. I was out in two weeks."

It wasn't long before Terri was back on track, grabbing the reins of the highly successful touring girls show *Bad Girls* and resuming her role as entertainment manager for Santa Fe Gold.

"I now have my own agency," she says. "I also have the Bombshells, a touring cabaret show. Current *Penthouse* Pet of the Year Natasha Brock is in the group, so I still have my *Penthouse* ties."

It's a very different Terri Bowie in 2002 to the young and slightly naive model who graced newsstand posters nationwide in the late '80s.

"Before the accident I was a fun-loving party girl but I'm more stable now," she says. "I was 22 when I was crowned Pet of the Year. I'm now 35. I'm older and wiser. I would have loved to have known how the industry works back then. But I wouldn't have changed any of it for the world."

Any of it except for the accident.

"I don't recall too much about it. I lost some of my memory due to the head injury," she says. "The doctors explained to me that the brain is like a jigsaw puzzle. Mine fell on the floor and broke into a million pieces and had to be put back together."

Terri said one thing she took away from the accident was that life is too short to waste. For Terri that means five days a week, running her business. She says she wants to expand her agency, go back on tour as manager, and one day open up her own club.

"This latest *Penthouse* shoot is the final chapter for me as a model," she says. "I didn't have closure before. I felt like I hadn't finished anything. It's taken me this long to get back into shape and regain my self-confidence. I'm happy with this shoot. It's better than the original." — Antony Otera

Terri
1989



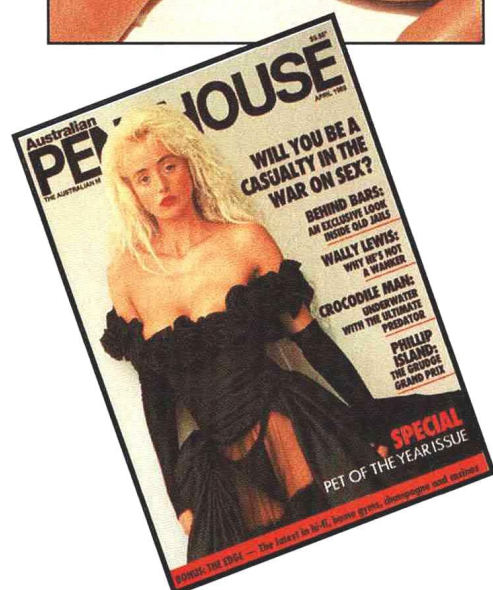
Terri
2002



Cross, the returned hero marching under the ticker tape parade of dancing dollars. Terri continued lathering up the punters until 1996 when she became entertainment manager at Santa Fe Gold strip club on the Gold Coast, hiring and training dancers. The world, as they say, was at her sexy feet.

But then, on New Year's Day in 1997, in a horrifying instant, a car crash threatened to shatter forever her picture-perfect life.

"I was a passenger in a car returning from a party when the driver fell asleep at the wheel and smashed into a parked car," she says.



"I'm a stubborn bitch. They sent me to rehab. They said I could leave when I could walk again. I was out in two weeks."



Sensual White Wines

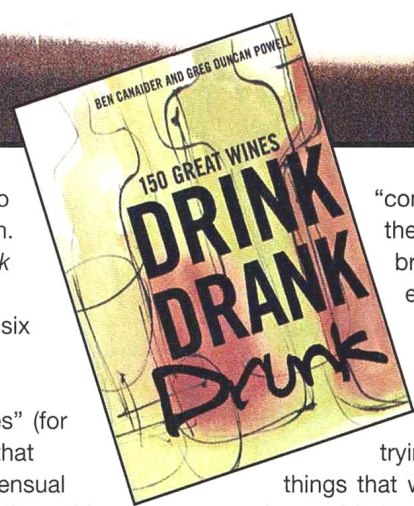
"They're voluptuous, they're textural and their aromas are almost human."



You have to hand it to the wine connoisseur. For most of us, plonk is plonk — its alcohol content and price tag is of more interest than its "woody bouquet" or "herbaceous finish". But wine tasters, with nostrils as highly developed as a beagle's, can discern so many subtle aromas and flavours in one bottle that for them, every sip of a half-decent drop must be a truly orgasmic experience.

So it is for writers Ben Canaider and Greg Duncan Powell, two shameless hedonists who spend their lives "trawling through a vast ocean of wine". Poor bastards. So, having done all the hard work for us, they drew up a list of what they consider to be the 150 most drinkable wines available in Australia and poured them into a jargon-free, every-man's guide that

aims to put an end to bottle shop indecision. *Drink, Drank, Drunk* divides a mixture of whites and reds into six categories, including "survival wines" (for tightwads), "cult wines" (for tossers) and — one that appealed to us — "sensual wines". According to the guide, such wines contain aphrodisiac qualities that go way beyond alcohol alone. If we were a less sophisticated publication, we might describe them as "leg spreaders". While every wine serves that function to some extent, clearly these wines contain some magical elixir of love ingredient, because after reading about them, you'll need a cold shower. Wine that "caresses and lingers", wine that



"conjures up the image of the nape of a tall brunette's neck". How on earth do they read so much into it?

"I guess it has a lot to do with practice," explains Greg. "We're trying to take all these things that we can smell or taste in wine and instead of talking about 'PH' and 'levels of residual sugar', we're saying these are the nuances from things in real life — from the garden, from the tennis court. We're trying to give people a new handle on wine. You don't have to use orthodox 'wine' words. If you smell it in a wine, it's there. Trust yourself."

"Those wines that we chose are the 150 that we thought had a lot of individuality and personality. There were

lots that we tipped out that just smelt too... wine-like. That's the appealing thing about wine — when you get one that actually 'talks back to you'."

Actually I've had a few that "talk back" the next morning, but it's never a pleasant experience... Do we Aussies have very sophisticated palates when it comes to wine?

"It's just an attitude thing," says Greg. "The French are brought up to make opinions about what they eat and drink. Australians will be really bold in their opinions about a movie, but about a wine they'll say, 'Oh I don't really like that but I don't know why' rather than, 'This tastes like petrol'. A lot of French and Italians that know jackshit about wine are still very confident talking about it because it's part of their culture."

Greg has a perfect solution to this problem: "Have everyone drink more wine. We only consume 20 litres per capita per year, whereas countries like France and Italy drink 80 litres."

Clearly there's an urgent need for the nation to increase its wine intake for the sake of boosting our culture, not to mention the economy. As a full-time career option, though, drinking wine does have its drawbacks, as Greg explains: "Well, you've seen what it does to people's bodies... There are health dangers, and it's not good for your teeth."

"More importantly, there's the mental danger," adds Ben. "You're drinking a fair bit — your brain's shrinking, you're getting randier but your willy's getting smaller. Atrophication of the penis."

Greg: "Speak for yourself, Ben."

"You get caught up in the world of wine and it becomes your God. Good wine has balance between all its components — the alcohol, the texture, the tannins, the fruit, the acid. And good people need balance as well, so if all you're on about is wine, you become boring."

Perhaps, but we reckon it's a theory well worth testing. — Janine Toms

Drink, Drank, Drunk by Ben Canaider and Greg Duncan Powell is published by Random House. RRP \$29.95. O+

THE DIRTY HALF-DOZEN: BEN CANAIDER AND GREG DUNCAN POWELL DESCRIBE SOME OF THE MOST SENSUAL, AROMATIC, EROTIC AND LUSH WINES ON OFFER.

ALKOOMI FRANKLAND RIVER RIESLING 2000

This wine is Eros in a long neck bottle, and it is an extreme, overt Riesling. It needs nakedness and sweat rather than a plate of antipasto to be at its best. \$20.

YALUMBA EDEN VALLEY RIESLING 2000

This raunchy Riesling reminds us of beachside car parks, tequila slammers and all that follows... It is Riesling speeding on a recreational drug of light addiction — a trip that finishes with a dry, lifting sensation. \$28.

PIPERS BROOK 2000 GEWÜRZTRAMINER

It looks, smells and tastes sophisticatedly sexy. The pale slippery liquid smells of rose water and Turkish delight. But wait, there's more ... musk and lavender and cumquat. Like an essential oil you can drink. \$23.

SEPPELT MORNINGTON PENINSULA PINOT GRIS 1998

Fat, oily, overripe pear flavours transmogrify into drier, grainier, slightly bitter pear skins. The effect is harmony but the trip the wine takes through your mouth is the thing you remember. \$15.

EILEEN HARDY CHARDONNAY 1999

This is a seductive wine. It's not only the perfume, it's also the texture — there's a fine slipperiness with just the right amount of unctuousness to add a raunch factor. It's not hard to lose yourself in this wine. \$35.

CHESTNUT GROVE VERDELHO 2000

This is not a shy white wine. It exhales an aroma of honeyed guava and other tropical fruits. There's an almost erotic quality to its sheer pungency. One proviso: it has to be drunk soon. \$18.



PAGANI ZONDA C12

Like a jet plane on wheels, the long-awaited Zonda super sports car is a steal at \$700,000.

Lambrusco, Parmesan cheese and sports cars like the Ferrari, Lamborghini and DeTomaso are well-known and splendid things from the Italian region of Emilia-Romagna around Modena. Now, this distinguished society has received a new member — Zonda C12 from Pagani Automobili — the super sports car that Mercedes themselves should have built.

After more than 25,000 hours from Horacio Pagani

himself and almost 10 years, the "Silver Arrow" is here. Priced at US\$350,000 (AU\$700,000), the Zonda C12 is of an uncompromising design. Just look at the front and rear section and the elegant shaping of the windscreen, side windows, roof section of glass and rear window. It looks like a jet plane. So as not to disturb the airflow under the raised rear section, the four exhaust pipes are high-lying and open out very decoratively in a large chromed ring in the centre of the coal-black rear end.

And there is just as much high-tech inside the pushed-forward cabin as there is externally. The whole arrangement is a simple and elegant combination of shiny carbon-fibre, matt aluminium, chrome, genuine leather and soft carpets. The carbon-fibre body of only 60kg covers

a chassis and mechanics which completely live up to expectations. No less than 75 percent of the chassis is a central monocoque section of carbon-fibre. The great use which has been made of composite materials in both the chassis and the body has resulted in the Zonda weighing only 1250kg.

As centre engine, the V-12 cylinder Mercedes-Benz machinery is placed in front of the rear-axle line. This power unit from Mercedes SL is of six litres and generates 394hp at 5200rpm.

The Zonda C12 also comes in a so-called S version, in which the Mercedes engine comes from the German factory's tuning firm AMG and is seven litres. The maximum power thus shoots right up to 500hp at 5500rpm.

According to Pagani, at the moment Automobili have no less than 50 orders for the Italian



"Silver Arrow". It may be a long wait. They only make one car per month, although that is said to be doubling soon.

"Above all a car from Pagani must be comfortable and civilised," he says.

True to his word, the large doors open in the normal manner and the side skirts are very narrow, so one slides easily down into the fashion-profiled seats. They provide fine support



for the body and the cabin is large enough to enable even tall people to sit perfectly behind the wheel of the Zonda C12.

So who gets to test drive this beautiful piece of machinery? Italian race driver Loris Bionchi who contributed to the fine adjustment of the whole of the under-carriage.

His fine turning was apparently just what was needed, especially in the suspension and the steering gear. Relatively stiff springs and shock absorbers together with the direct servo-steering ensure good dynamics and very good driving characteristics.

As you'd expect, the Zonda responds immediately to even the slightest movement of the wheel. The short, flat nose almost "eats" the asphalt in front of the car, and even during strong braking the Zonda feels stable, with no great degree of dipping down at the front.

The very large Brembo brakes with ventilated disks and four-pistoned calipers are first class. The brake pedal can be used constantly without any great effort, the same applies to the accelerator.

But it's the brilliant V-12 cylinder Mercedes engine that makes a trip in the

C12 such an exciting experience. The German power-plant with almost 400hp is just as perfectly tuned as one would expect with the Mercedes S-class. Right from the start and up to the red field of the rev counter, the engine runs smoothly and with a fascinating, good-humoured growl, which quickly increases in strength and reveals its potential.

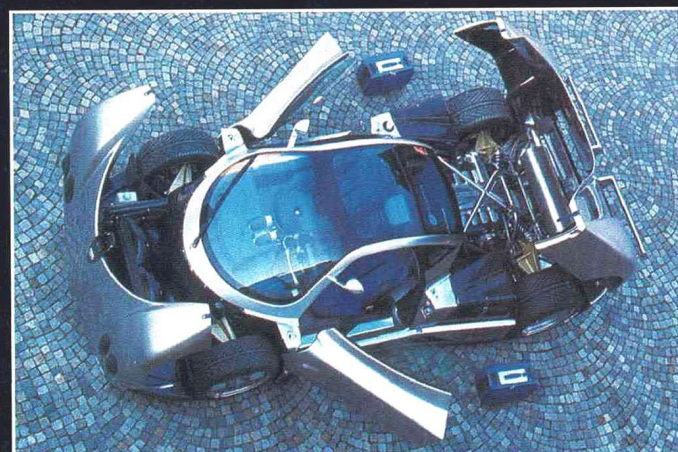
At 4000rpm, when opening is effected for full through-flow in the induction channels, it really begins to roar.

We are pressed brutally back in the seats. With a smile on his face, Bionchi tells us that the factory's computer has calculated the top speed at 540km/h. He has already clocked the acceleration time from 0 to 100km/h at 4.2 seconds.

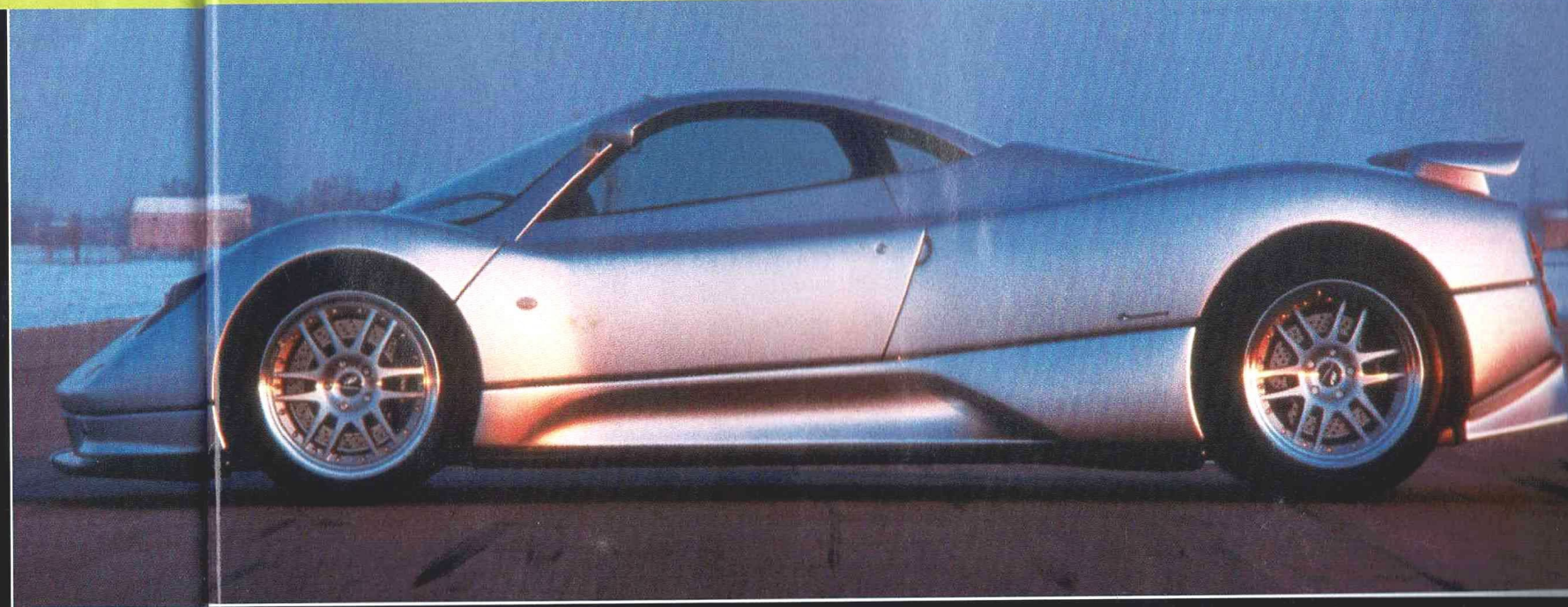
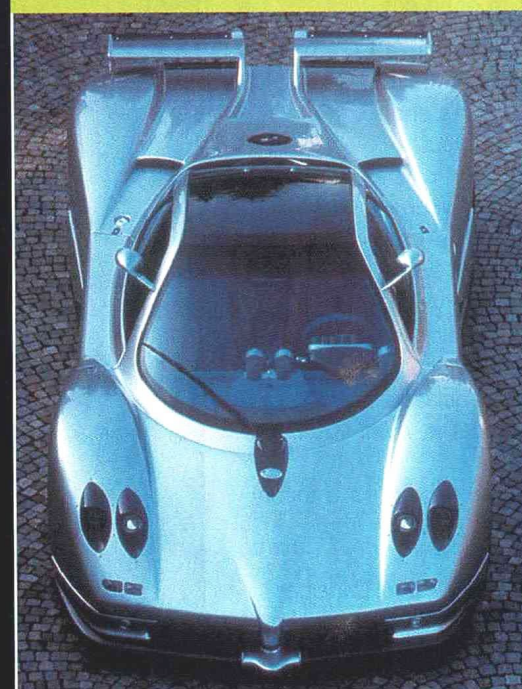
"But the new S-version with 500hp is even faster," he says, smiling broadly again.

And Horacio Pagani does the same. His "Silver Arrow" is going to hit the bull's eye! 

Words & photos by Automedia



The factory's computer has calculated the top speed at 540km/h. Acceleration from 0 to 100km/h is clocked at 4.2 seconds.





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RUBBER BALL

Photography by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com

Saturday night is fantasy theme night at Juna's studio apartment, which spells one thing for her lucky lover — creative role play followed by some sizzling sex.

The only thing is, he never knows who's going to answer the door when he rings on the bell. But the one fantasy that gets her man's blood boiling is her bondage fetish.

Juna slips into her skin-tight PVC outfit and studded collar and waits on the bed. The doorbell chimes — it's time to play! 







Havana Harleys

A homage to a classic American symbol — the Harley-Davidson motorcycle — in Cuba. Denounced after the 1959 revolution as the foremost symbol of American imperialism, the Harley has made a comeback.

H October in Havana was wet, humid, hot and a month of memoriam. It started with the 28th anniversary of the death of Che Guevara and ended with the 36th anniversary of the disappearance of Camilo Cienfuegos. Both had helped lead the revolution to power with Fidel Castro, but I wasn't in Cuba to honour these two leaders of the long-since defunct revolution. I was in Cuba for the Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Words and photos by Reuben Parker/TCS

Harleys are the pride and joy of a select group of Cubans. The son of Che Guevara even loves doing tricks on his hog.

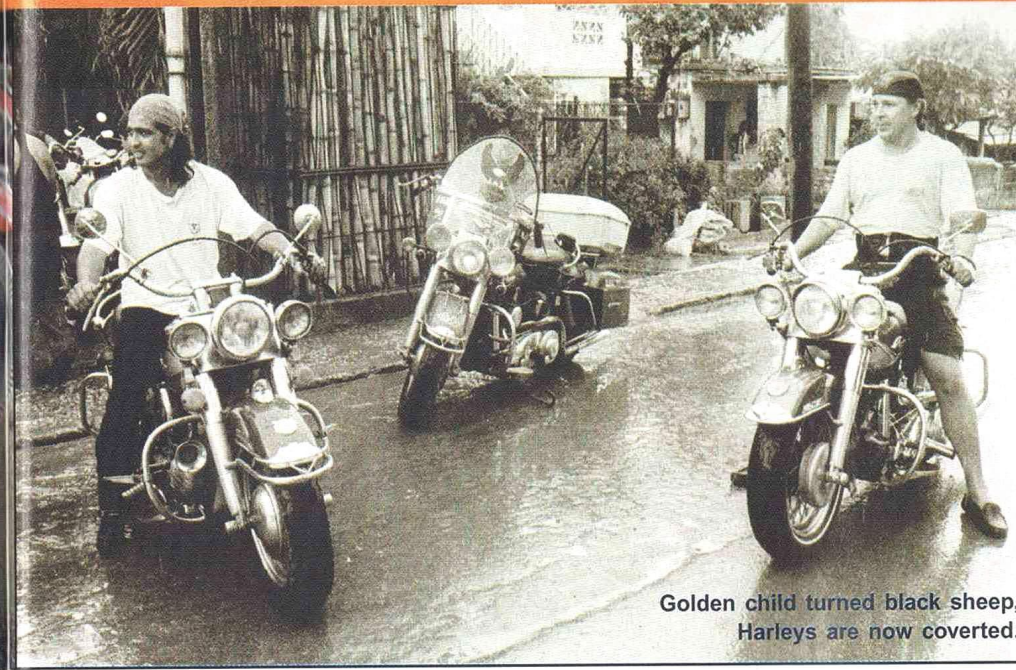


Home of Harleys, hotdogs and beer — Cuba.

Objects became symbols, and in the smear campaign that followed, the Harley was a prime target.



Harleys stored away in a shed, to be restored one day.



Golden child turned black sheep, Harleys are now covert.

havana harleys

Harleys were there before the revolution of 1959 when Fidel Castro's guerrilla group succeeded in snipping the puppet strings of Fulgencio Batista, the island's figurehead, who had been tightly controlled by the US. There was no overstating Uncle Sam's influence on Cuba at the time. Capitalist symbols representing "US freedom and independence" were all pervasive and primarily owned by the North Americans living on the island. Bikes, cars and houses, and everything else that went along with the colonial lifestyle, were foreign owned. Nationals were secondary in every sense.

But 1959 changed all that. The mentor chair, formerly headed by the eagle, was filled by the bear, and the island became another pseudo Soviet of the huge Union, half a world away.

Objects became symbols, and in the smear campaign that followed, the Harley was a prime target. The Harleys, the primary mode of transport for the police force of Cuba, were now object non-grata — the sullied blacksheep of Cuban transport. The big American car, taking up so much physical space, was never really targeted; even the Cuban leaders rode about in Oldsmobiles and Chevrolets. But the Harley-Davidson — conveying power, presence, and screaming of America — was removed from the Cuban scene along with the

American Eagle, that once looked over Havana by the sea. Until now.

The pillar, in front of the Hotel Nacional, upon which the American national bird had rested, now marked the place where the Harlistas — Cubans with American bikes — came to hang out and have a beer. Beer, sodas and hot dogs are all sold in US currency. In fact, everything is sold in US dollars. So much for the eradication of the US. After 36 years of trying to rid the island of everything American, the primary economy is based on the green bill. Want a Coke? Pay a buck. Want a Cuban beer? Pay a buck.

Dark clouds hung heavy in the Cuban sky. It matched the sentiments of most Cubans, rife with disdain and anger towards a revolution that had

calcified with time, until paralysis had set in and caused a most extreme pain. But unlike the clouds, whose rainy release was cathartic, the Cuban had no chance to pass the revolution that was stuck like a stone in their kidneys, causing immeasurable grief.

Underneath the canopy of the Kiosk-style establishment sat a group of young men who spent most of their waking hours hunting and haggling over parts for their Harleys. Sitting next to them were their girlfriends, and everybody had a beer in their hands.

I sat down with the group, some of whom I'd met before, and passed the time waiting for the rain to slow down. I asked about the motorcycles that the police had owned, and where they had gone. Eduardo, who had owned several

Harleys, said they were buried in Camaguey. There, in an industrial "ethnic cleansing", the bikes were buried, never to be seen again — a motorcycle massacre. Some claimed they were buried in Santiago de Cuba. Others said the bikes had been sold to the public. Whatever the story, the fact remained that a lot of bikes disappeared off the streets in Castro's Cuba. Now Havana plays hosts to only 60-odd bikes. In the countryside, a few exist here and there, but most are snapped up by the urban riders for restoration — a pastime so popular, it had spawned several clubs.

I HAD BEEN PRESENT AT ONE OF THE FIRST meetings of such a club, the association of Classic Motorcycles of

Cuba or MOCLA (Motos classicas de Cuba). The meeting took place on the 28th anniversary of Che Guevara's death. Outside the home of the association's founder, Raul Corrales, the children of a grade school formed a triangle to pay homage to the fallen martyr. This was a rite of passage that all Cuban children went through to become little Pioneers. With blue kerchiefs tied around the neck, the boys and girls chanted in unison, "Seremos como El Che!" (We will be like Che!)

Two dozen bikes from the 1950s rode into Regla, on the other side of Havana's port, where the meeting took place. Nortons, Triumphs, Harleys and, even a couple of Simsons, roared in. Some were in excellent shape with new

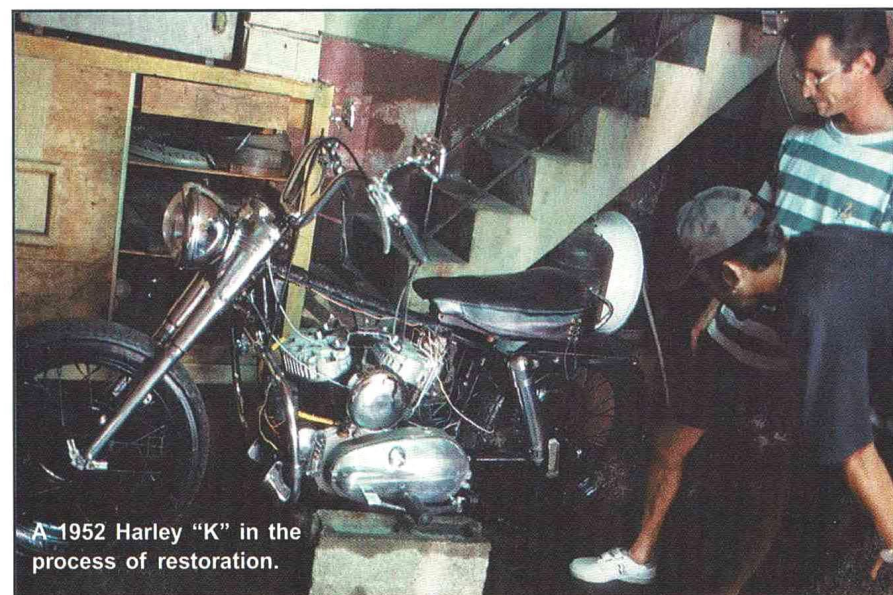
paint jobs, while others looked simply marginal in their existence.

A young man, with a girlfriend, cruised in on a 1953 Duo-Glide. The Burgundy paint had been burnt to a dull haze by the hot Cuban sun, and the wide saddle seat had been pitted by the random rain. When he took off his sunglasses, he had the bluest eyes I had ever seen. Too blue as it turned out. He was wearing coloured contacts. Even, here in Cuba, image counts for something. Babes, bikes and blue eyes. His name was Carlos and he had been riding Harleys for years.

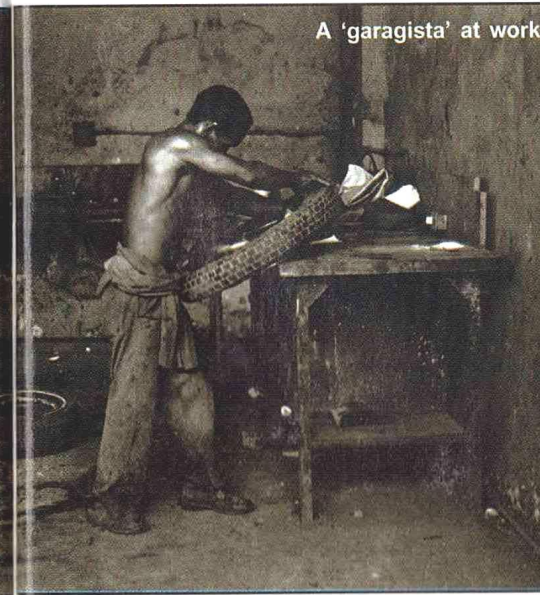
The meeting was a mess. Real democracy is a faraway concept for the Cubans who have been cast from the Castro mould of politics. Decisions regarding the governing members were made unilaterally and debate was confused, endless and without resolve. The idea behind the group was a noble one: To create a location in the city of Havana where bikers could come, hang out, locate parts and network with the rest of the Harley world. The group, however, was already split on how to proceed with the meetings and who should be included.

"It is a pity that you did not come around to my place last night," said Eduardo. "Ernesto Guevara was there. He got totally sauced and did acrobatic tricks on his Harley."

The contrast was palpable. Here was the son of the great revolutionary Che who had given his life to fight the imperialism of the US. While his father had fought for the unity of a nation and sovereignty from the local



A 1952 Harley "K" in the process of restoration.



A 'garagista' at work.



Havana hog heaven.

havana harleys

geopolitical bully, his son rode the bike that represented all that.

These contradictions were typical of Cuba. Che's son went against everything Cuban. He probably did not participate in any of the voluntary work programs that his father created, was probably not a member of the Communist Youth League, and almost certainly did not believe in the policies of the government of Fidel Castro. He was, in all likelihood, part of the alienated and lost youth that Cuba has spawned for the last few generations.

The night at the cafe was coming to a close because the dollar budget, of the Cuban, was tapped out. Eduardo offered to take me home. This implied that I should offer him some money for gas. I got on the back of his black and white, repainted and reconstructed bike. He headed out onto the Malecon, the boulevard which runs along the sea, and we went for a ride.

The boulevard was crowded with young women, all in provocative outfits and many in platform shoes, which are the current fad. The fashion fads in Cuba were dictated by the item's mere presence in any of the dollar merchandise shops. Few Cubans can afford these items, so everybody wanted them. The ladies, on the Malecon, were in a better position to buy such goods because they were self employed, and not at the mercy of



Cuban hogs have undergone a string of mutating modifications.

the marginal salaries that the government pays their state workers. They worked in the fastest-growing industry in Cuba — prostitution.

We cruised by the Melia Hotel, built as a home away from home for tourists. But the lasting impression is that of lofty comforts presented to the foreigner compared to the shoddy living conditions of the Cubans, who live next door. I had met Eduardo in front of the hotel a few weeks earlier. His bike had been parked on the street, and he had been earnestly immersed in a conversation with an Italian, who wanted to buy the bike. "Nearly the entire bike is original. Just a few things need to be found," Eduardo said.

The notion of originality is a rarity in Cuba. Any American machine on the island had been the subject of fascinating and mutating modifications. Mechanics in Cuba have to be some

of the most brilliant in the world. Because of the trade embargo, imposed by the US for political reasons, new car and motorcycle parts had not been seen on the island since the early '60s, but the cold war never applied to engines, where American and Soviet parts were married to create a union that would last until a rusty death pulled them apart.

A number of the Harlista crowd earned a basic income from working on motorcycles. The foreigners who bought the bikes would return to them when the bikes needed work and pay for the work in hard currency. Eduardo earned his living as a part-time mechanic. Even Cubans had to pay in dollars. The Harleys had created a cottage industry fueled by US currency.

The Italian wanted to know how much the bike would cost him. "Six thousand dollars," said Eduardo. It was an astronomical figure. In a country

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havana harleys

where the average monthly income ranged from \$6-\$10 and where a doctor made \$20, that was a huge amount of money.

Eduardo had done this before, many of the Harlistas had done this before. Loyalty to the bike is fickle whereas loyalty to the dollar is forever. Few of the bikers in Cuba maintain an eternal relationship with their machines. In the earlier days of the revolution, when nobody was allowed to possess the green bills, possession of the material item was more important. All that changed when the dollar was legalised.

It was the foreigners, with money,

who bought the bikes. They would end up restoring them to pristine condition and then sell them. The bikes have come to represent the opportunistic capitalism that is coursing through the collapsing, communist veins. The dollar has become the new dictator of decision making.

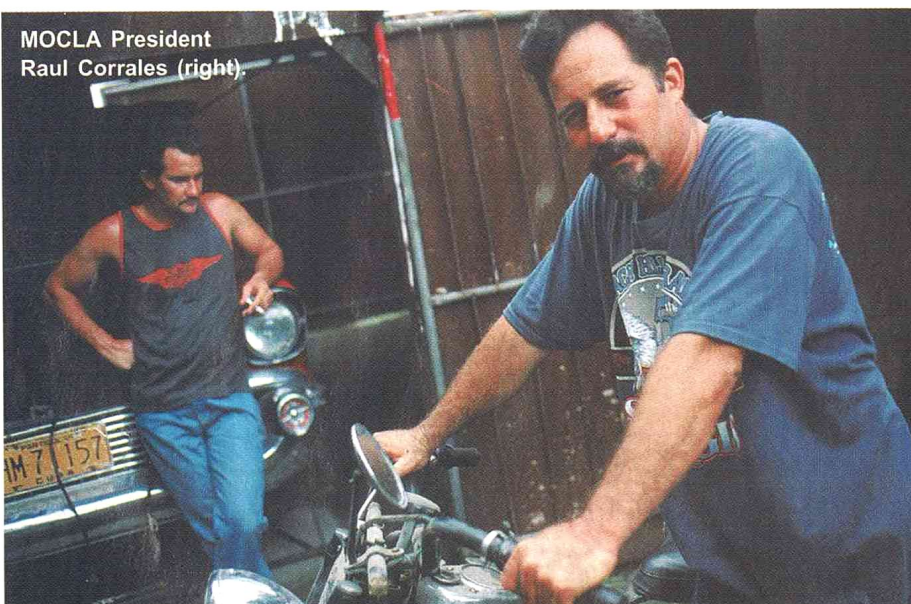
THE ROAD WAS DARK AS WE TURNED OFF down the side streets. The neighbourhood was in the throes of a blackout that were still common to Cuban communities because of energy shortages. In the distance was a haze of light. As we grumbled towards the

light I saw it was one of the new gas stations with new pumps and bright lights and with a 24-hour convenience store. It was part of the new Castro program of joint venture business with outside investors. It looked like a '50s set, with the old American cars sitting under the canopy of light waiting to be tanked up, with the two dollars, that the drivers had managed to score earlier in the evening by working as a taxi for a tourist.

Eduardo shifted the silver gear knob next to the gas tank in neutral. I got off and gave him five dollars for gas. "This is how I pay for gas," said Eduardo, "I rent out my bike or chauffeur tourists around." Everybody was a dollar wanting in Cuba.

I said goodbye and watched him ride away. I knew that the next time I would be in the country half of the bikes I had seen on this trip might be gone. Sold and taken to foreign lands. The Harlistas, which for so many years had insisted that their love for the machines had no political motivations and for whom had become an interesting social phenomenon, now were equally interesting for their "selling out" behaviour.

Maybe MOCLA will have a future after all. It might be the last place, at a price, to find museum-quality Harley-Davidsons, once plentiful, but now almost extinct, in Cuba. 



MOCLA President
Raul Corrales (right).

Lily is a self-confessed country gal at heart and even though she now lives in the city she loves nothing better than a weekend away with her lover at his run-down shack in the outback.

"I love the country and the peace of mind it brings," says Lily. "It makes me feel more in touch with my sexuality."

So much so that she sometimes starts her weekend of erotic pleasure on her own while waiting for her man to arrive. 

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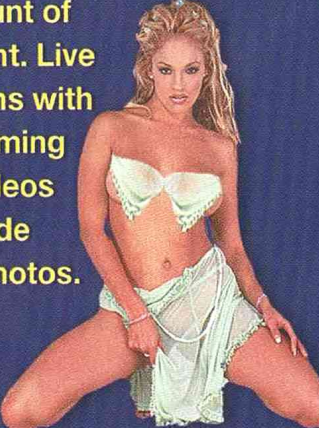
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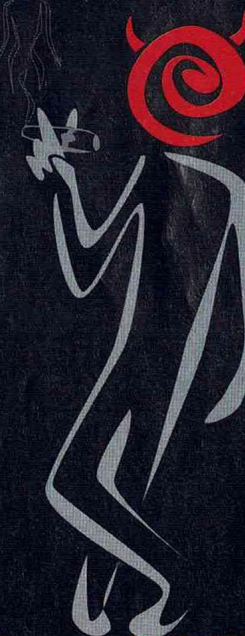







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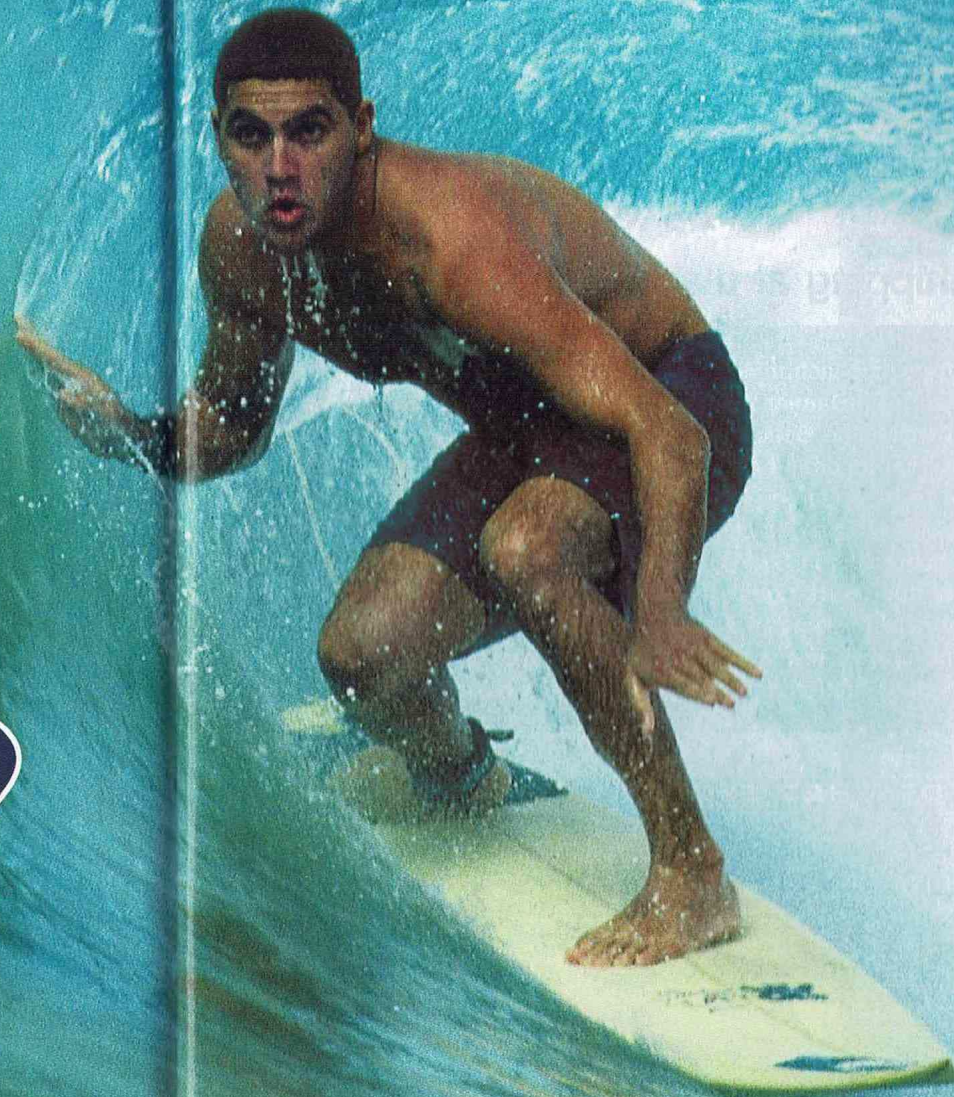
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Surfing for Aussies and Kiwis is more than just a sport, it's a religion. Albeit one that attracts the chicks. *Australian Penthouse* goes in search of the best waves... and women.

Words by Adam Gibson

Top 10 Surf Spots



When the swell is right, the rock groin at Kirra produces some of the best waves in the world.

top 10 surf spots

A so-called sports journo of a major newspaper once described surfing as "an alternative lifestyle that likes to call itself a sport". There was no doubting the inference. The writer was asking how this "fringe" activity, so closely tied with indulgence, lack of discipline and ample sexual opportunity, could even consider itself a true sport.

Being a lifelong surfer, the line initially infuriated me. But then I imagined a delicious scenario. This author was probably a flab-bellied hack whose most recent sporting triumph occurred pre-Alan Border's Aussie captaincy. A bloke whose "golden years" had faded and who was now roped into suburbia with more cholesterol in his arteries than in a tub of lard. Occasionally our man would see footage of pro surfing from some idyllic location, the surfers fit and tanned and accompanied by ubiquitous lithe women. And he'd be jealous as hell. "Look at these bloody surfers!" he'd mutter. "And they get paid for that?"

So his attempt at knocking surfing

One wave at Bells will have you worshipping at the feet of surf god, Huey.

down a peg or two came in the form of his throwaway comment. The boys in the sports department had a chuckle at it too. But underneath, just perhaps, there may have been the sneaking feeling that these surfer characters were actually onto something. After all, beautiful locales, fit bodies, girls in bikinis, a life spent in the sun ... it does sound pretty bloody good.

And if that's an "alternative lifestyle" then I for one want in; as obviously do

Unforgivingly sharp rocks lining this classic right-hand point, coupled with a powerful barreling wave, make it a place to accord huge respect. But on the right day, you can nab a couple of waves here which may well change your life. So it's worth it. Located 19km south of the increasingly crowded bustle of Byron Bay, Lennox is a wonderful spot. The tricky access to the water makes it a place that never fails to sort out the committed from the tentative and it's a wise idea to watch closely the line the locals take over the rocks before charging in headlong.

The town of Lennox Head itself is still managing to retain its north coast charm despite the development beginning to encroach nearby and the proximity to Byron Bay. The superb bakery and health food shop in the middle of town are good for a feed, as is Lennox Pub. And if you're lucky you may just meet one of those wonderful but elusive Daughters of the Northern Coast that Australian Crawl sang about all those years ago. That would be worth the trip alone.

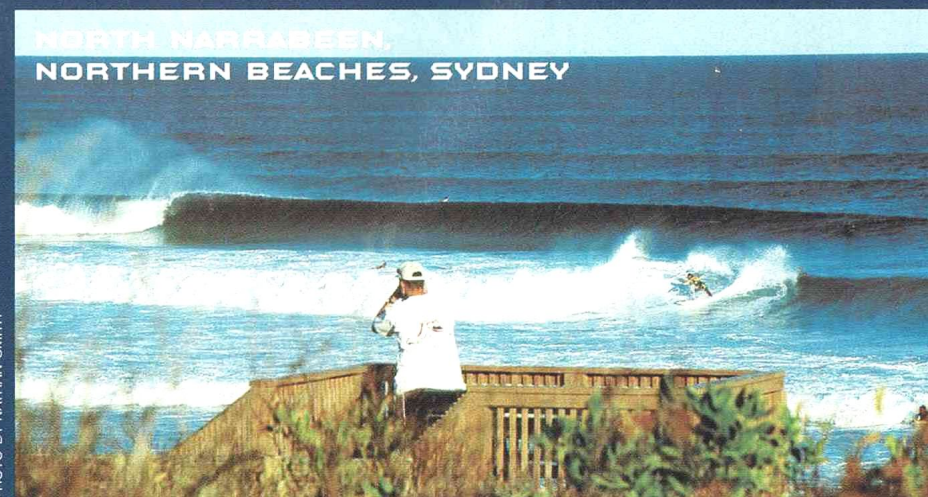


**LENNOX HEAD,
NORTH COAST, NSW**

PHOTO BY ANDREW SHIELD

A predominantly left-hand beachbreak, North Narrabeen has produced some of Australia's hottest surfers (Damien Hardman, Simon Anderson, the Fitzgerald clan et al). Mentioned in The Beach Boys' *Surfin' USA* and birthplace of the "thruster" surfboard, Narrabeen is home to urban Aussie surfing at its most full-on. This is no place to be a learner. Not so much because the waves are heavy but because the locals will give you short shrift if you get in their way.

Out of all the beachbreaks in Sydney, Narrabeen would have to be regarded as the best. This is due to its consistently high-quality sandbanks and the mysterious fact that it just seems to pick up swell when other beaches nearby haven't got any. And after a few waves you can trot along to any one of the numerous pubs and clubs that stretch along the northern beaches peninsula.



**NORTH NARRABEEN,
NORTHERN BEACHES, SYDNEY**

PHOTO BY BILL MORRIS

**RAGLAN,
WEST COAST,
NORTH ISLAND, NZ**

Located on the West Coast of the North Island, Raglan ranks up there with some of the best and longest left-hand breaks in the world. It achieved legendary status following several early surf films that featured its long peeling walls and the wave is the headline act of NZ breaks. That's not to say there aren't great waves elsewhere in the country, including around places such as Gisborne, Mt Manganui and New Plymouth, but it'd be a brave person to suggest Raglan wasn't a stand-out.

One of the great aspects of Raglan is its location. It's full-on in the countryside: there's no high-rise, or even low-rise for that matter, here. There's maybe the odd cow and, being NZ, the odd sheep, but there sure as hell isn't too much more. Oh but there are plenty of surfers. It's far from being a secret spot and the locals here are fiercely proud of their turf. However, in my experience there I've found a good vibe in the water and healthy standard of surfing on offer.

PHOTO BY HOLTZMAN

**MARGARET RIVER,
SW COAST, WA**

If there's a more beautiful part of the world than the area around Margaret River, then that place must be pretty darn special and I sure as hell ain't seen it. Wineries, great pubs and an array of serious surf breaks, which includes the legendary main Margaret's left-hand reef break, make this area a surfing Eden. Wide open to all swells coming out of the Indian and Southern oceans, the region offers a feast of waves. But be warned: some of these places aren't for the novice. The ocean regularly dishes out some heavy lessons and the end result can occasionally be far worse than merely having a story to tell your mates down the pub.

As far as lifestyle goes, I'm hard pressed to think of a location that combines as many good things as Margaret River does. The pubs in town, such as the Settlers Tavern, regularly offer up topnotch bands, while the food and wine are good, the atmosphere laid back, the inhabitants friendly and, of course, there's surf nearby. In general, the town is much quieter than most popular beach towns on the East Coast but bear in mind the fact that at holiday time it can get very busy, with accommodation getting seriously thin on the ground.

**KIRRA POINT,
GOLD COAST, QUEENSLAND**



PHOTO BY LEE PEGUS

When the swell's right, the rock groin at Kirra produces some of the best waves in the world. Mind-blowing right hand tubes are Kirra's headline act with bone-crushing wipeouts a bonus for the novice (or cocky). This is the sort of place where a mistake can have you finding sand in places you didn't even know you had.

Driving along the highway north from Coolangatta towards Surfers Paradise on a day with no swell you'd be forgiven for not spotting this world-famous spot. It looks totally nondescript, just a pile of rocks jutting nimbly out to sea. But when that swell's up: look out. Often more crowded than the MCG on Grand Final day, Kirra can be ridiculously hectic. And of course the added bonus of surfing on the Gold Coast is that, if the surf's not happening, you can sure as hell bet the nightlife of Surfers will be. And that's not for the faint-hearted either. This is a place where the women are blonde and their mates are blonder. Oh, and tanned too.

**CACTUS,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

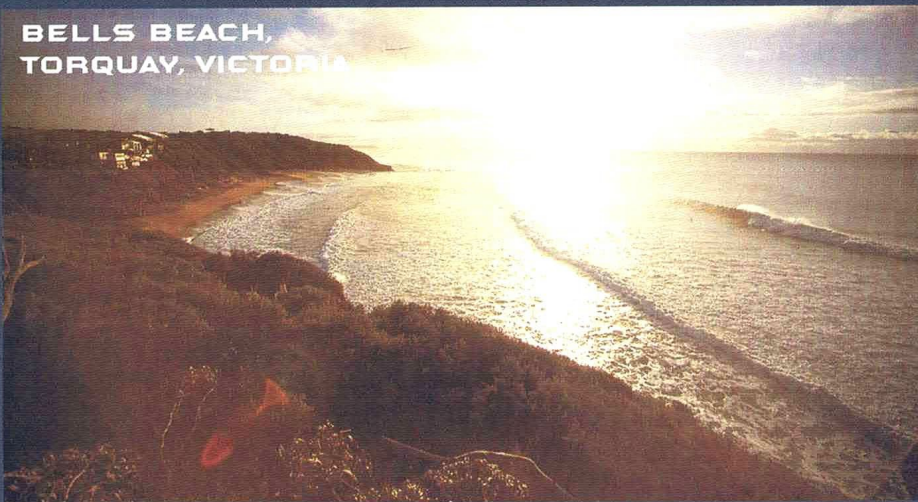
Watch out for the Noah's Arks (sharks) at this legendary South Oz break. This is frontier surfing but can be worth it if you're keen. A close-knit band of hard-core locals make Cactus a place to be super humble as an outsider. Respect is the key word here. This is a place inhabited by people who've made surfing their life and they're not keen on visitors. It's a remote spot and not a place to go mouthing off about anything. Most of the SA coast is abundant with sea life, with some spots, such as around the Cactus area, well worthy of their sharky reputation.

So why would you even consider making the trek to surf there? Well, there's the small matter of a perfect long walling wave that can be completely mind-blowing. That's why...

Arguably Australia's premier big wave spot (pipping Margaret River), Bells holds a special place in Australian surfing. The birthplace of now international surfwear label Rip Curl and home to the Easter Classic, Bells features freezing water but a wave which will have you worshipping at the feet of the surf god, Huey.

There are also a bunch of nearby surf spots that on their day can hold their own with the best of them. Like seemingly everywhere on the Aussie coast, the Torquay area is getting more and more crowded and developed every year. However there is still a nice country feel to the area and an undeniable surfing "vibe" permeating life. If uncrowded surf and streets are your thing then you'd be best advised to avoid the area at Easter. On the other hand if scenes of debauched partying and the presence of the best surfers in the world are what you're after, go then to witness the mayhem of the Bells contest. Like many other Easter Classic regulars, you too may be able to pickle your liver in beer.

BELLS BEACH,
TORQUAY, VICTORIA



PHOTOS BY TED GRAMBEAU

top 10 surf spots

the thousands of people throughout Australia and New Zealand who regularly get out there amongst the waves.

There's no doubt that at a professional level, surfing is a highly-competitive, demanding and challenging sport. Points may not be won by popping a ball in between some lines or people squeezing their heads between each other's buttocks, but the level of dedication and skill required to reach elite circles is just as high as for tennis or golf.

But on another level, and I suppose this is the point where the line between "lifestyle" and "sport" does blur, surfing is something that can be done without any form of competition whatsoever. You don't need to organise a crew of mates to get things up and running and you don't need anyone to surf against. And there's no court hire fees and no booking necessary: it's basically free.

Being island nations, it's no wonder that surfing is embedded in the psyche of a large number of Australians and New Zealanders. Not everyone in either country would claim to be surfers but a fair whack of them would. Or at least a fair number have had a crack at the waves at some point in their lives. There are literally thousands of garages or back sheds or laundries housing a

Located an hour or so west from the relative hustle and bustle of Auckland, the black sands of Piha are home to some often quite magic waves. Conditions vary depending on sandbank formations, and of course swell, but on its day there's plenty of fun to be had, both on Piha's main beach and sometimes the less populated bays and beaches to the north and south.

The west coast of NZ basically gets the other side of whatever swell the East Coast of Australia gets, and sometimes more. During a visit a few years ago I scored some epic waves running down beside the giant rock formation known as Lion Rock. And what was better was, in the camp ground that night there was just myself and two mates, plus 16 female university students from Auckland... Oh yes, I love NZ.

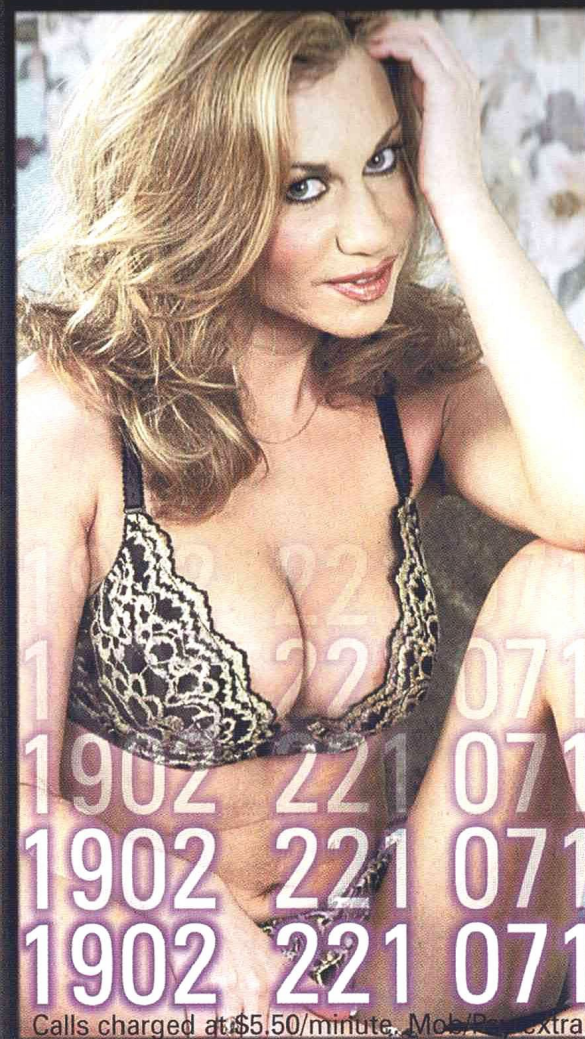
PIHA,
WEST COAST,
NORTH ISLAND, NZ



PHOTO BY ARL

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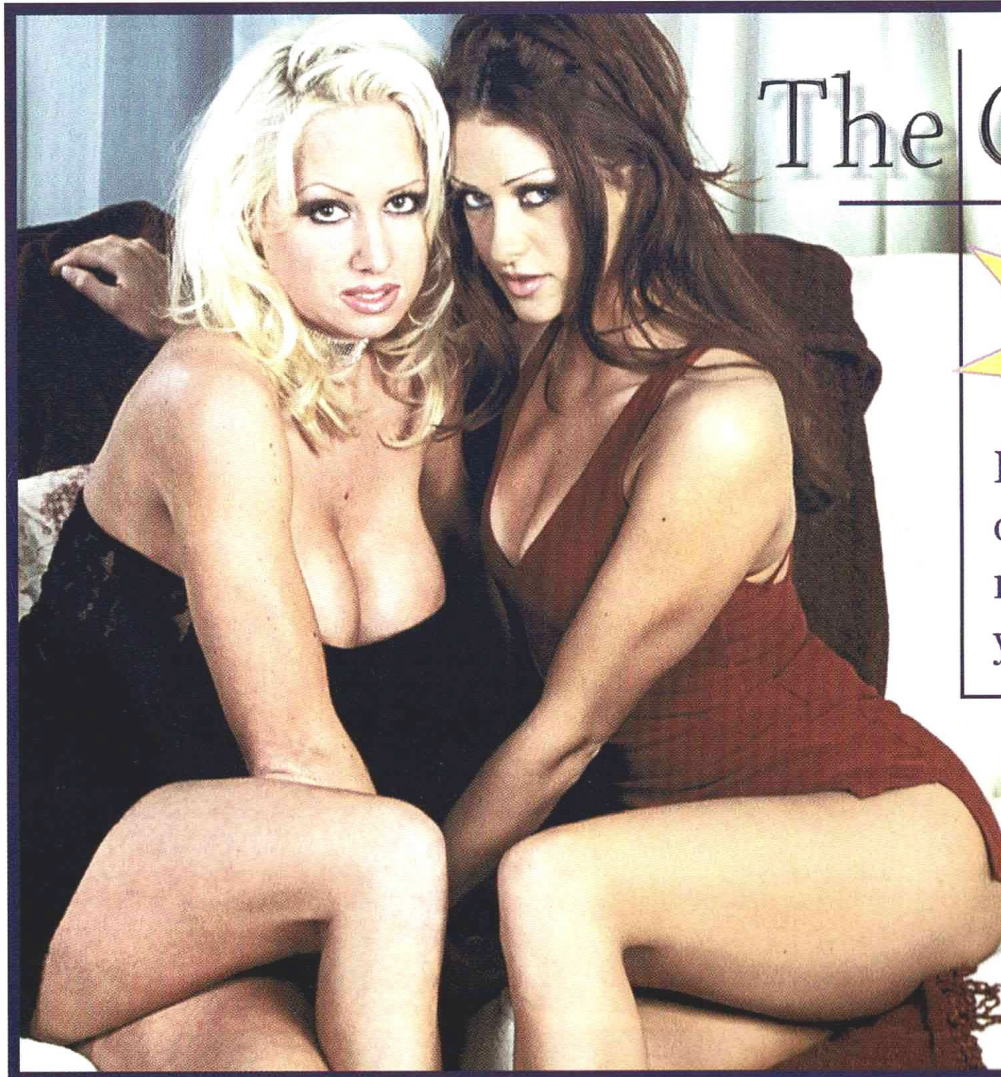


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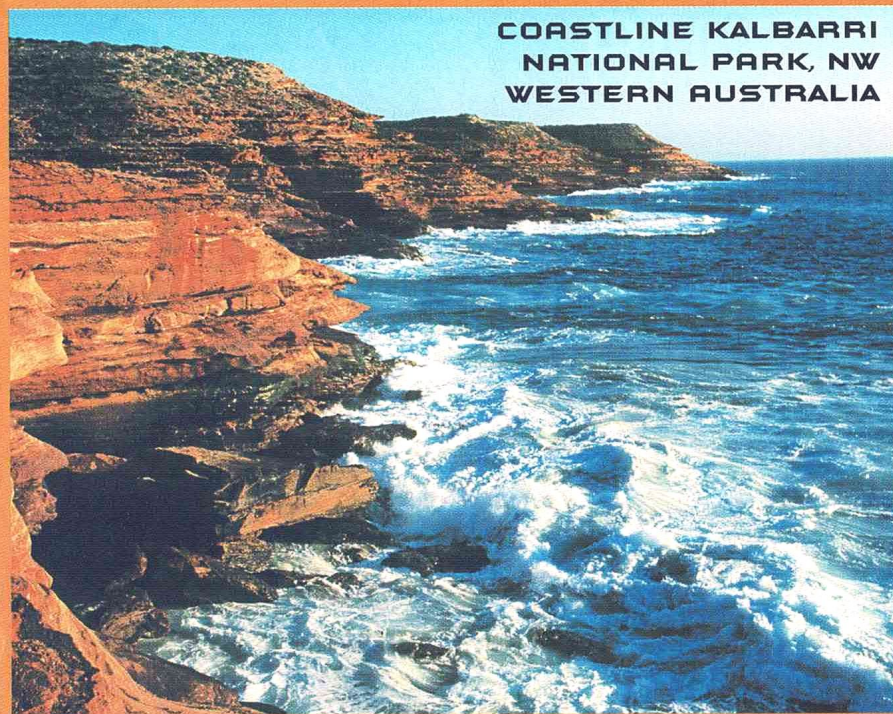
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top 10 surf spots

surfboard of some description which is primed to be busted out when the occasion arises.

And being island nations, both of which are open to large tracts of sea, Australia and New Zealand are also home to a plethora of world class waves. Choosing your top 10 surf spots from these is like trying to choose the world's 10 sexiest women. There's some definite starters you'd name in your line-up (Angelina Jolie, for example) but how do you discern between the thousands of women who have attributes that are equally stunning? In terms of surf spots, how do you choose one that some claim is the world's best spot over another that others claim is better?

It's all rather subjective, but after extensive travel around Australia and NZ I've come up with a potted list of what I think are the best. It's a list that attempts to cover several bases and uses various criteria: mainly the quality of waves but also other things such as ease of access and the general environment. These are not in any specific order. 



COASTLINE KALBARRI
NATIONAL PARK, NW
WESTERN AUSTRALIA

PHOTO BY JOHN CARMICHAEL

This can be a wild and woolly area too, both on land and in the water. But there are some huge waves to be had if you're prepared for them. The main drawcard in the area is Jakes Point, a long and relentlessly powerful left-hander. Again this isn't a spot for first-timers. The more experience the better here.

And as for land-based entertainment... If a few beers around a campfire is your idea of fun then you've come to the right spot. If a big night out on the drink, hitting the clubs and eyeing up persons of the female sex is more your line, then you'd best look elsewhere for your next surf trip.



BURLEIGH HEADS,
GOLD COAST, QUEENSLAND

PHOTO BY TED GRAMBEAU

PHOTO BY LEE PEGUS

A few clicks up the highway from Kirra, Burleigh is another world-class point break. One solid cyclone swell can produce more barrels here than in a winery. Despite the rampant development that long ago destroyed most of the natural beauty the Gold Coast no doubt once had, the waves at Burleigh are one of Mother Nature's true gifts. And, though the shoreline is dotted with high-rise holiday blocks, there is something quite magical about surfing Burleigh on a good day. The dark green water and a unique oval-shaped wave make it a lovely experience.

Unlike some other point breaks, such as Kirra, Burleigh often has several distinct sections, meaning that one can sometimes find a good spot somewhere along the point that isn't too crowded. But at a place as good as Burleigh gets, you have to expect crowds. Give the locals full respect: they're all bloody good surfers and usually won't hassle you if you don't hassle them. And of course, as I said in regards to Kirra, there's also plenty of land-based "entertainment" to be had at nearby Surfers Paradise. If that's your thing, go for it.

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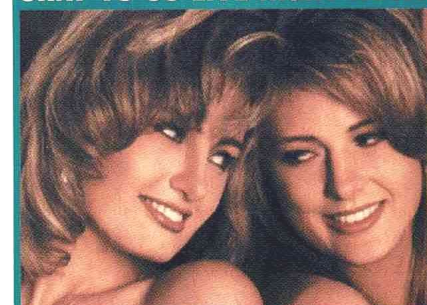
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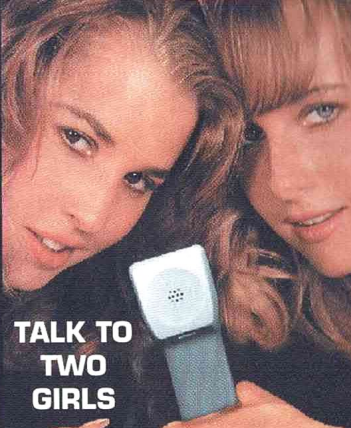
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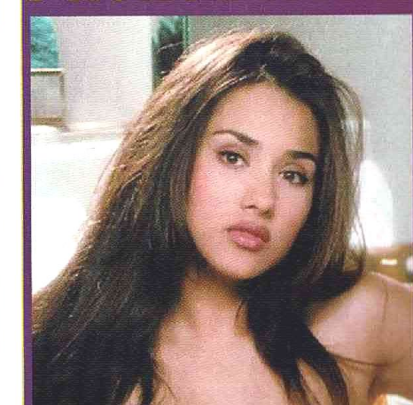
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Sister Act

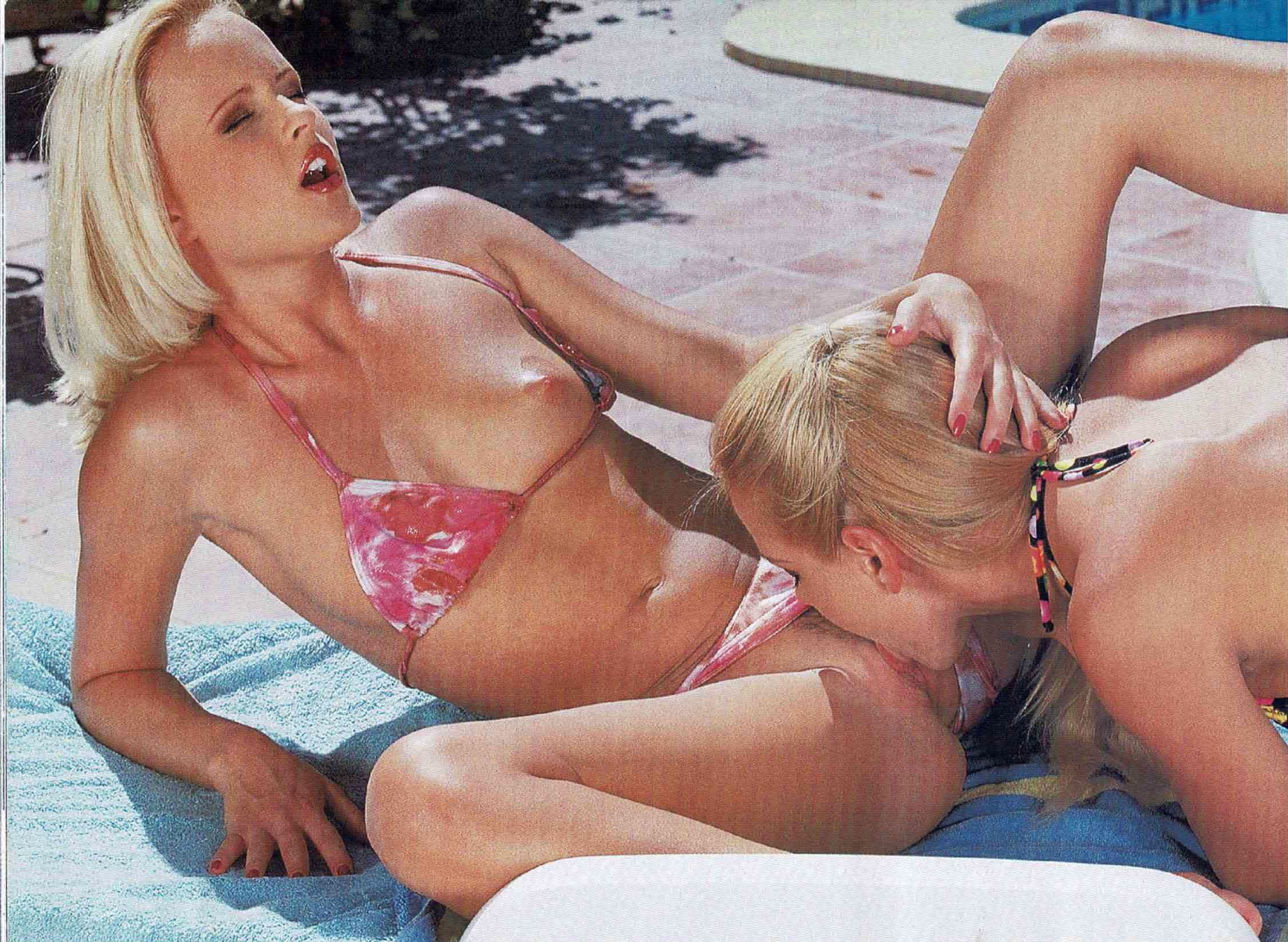
Photography by Viv Thomas

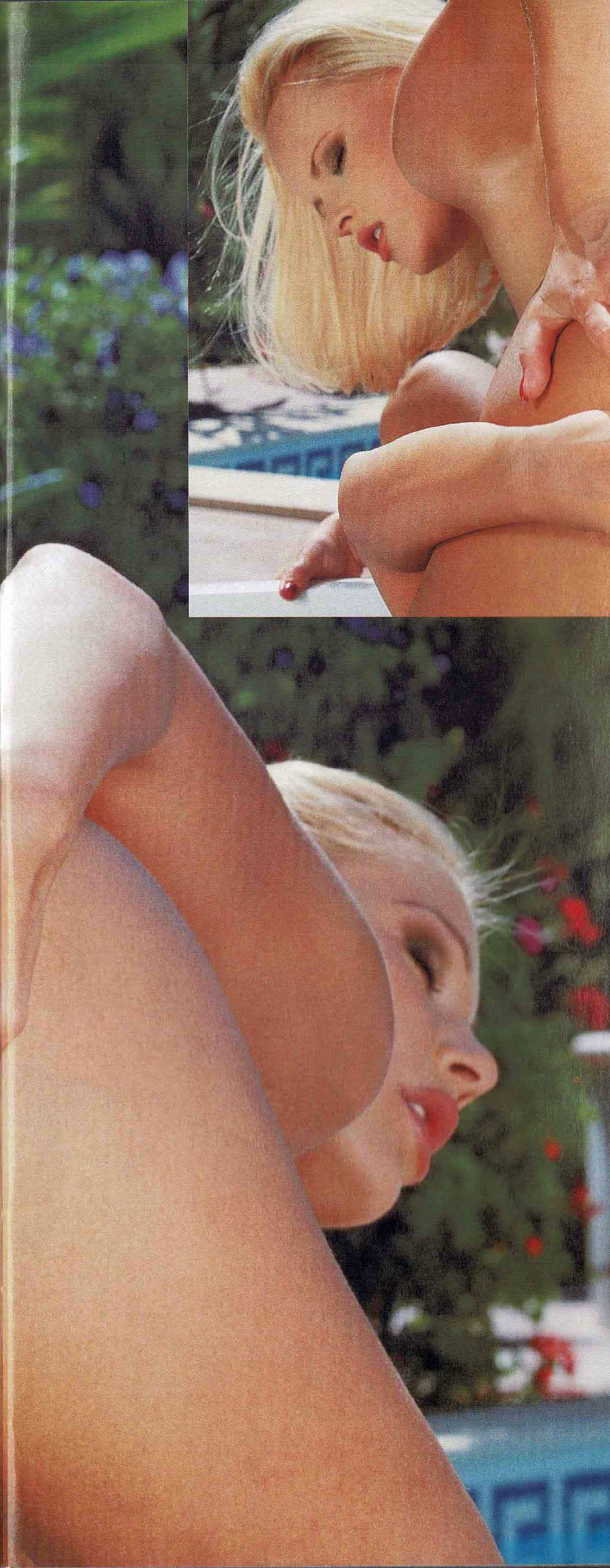
Sandy and Julianne are often mistaken for sisters, which is hardly surprising as they share that certain something that turns heads wherever they go. There's something else they share — their afternoons poolside in the sun,

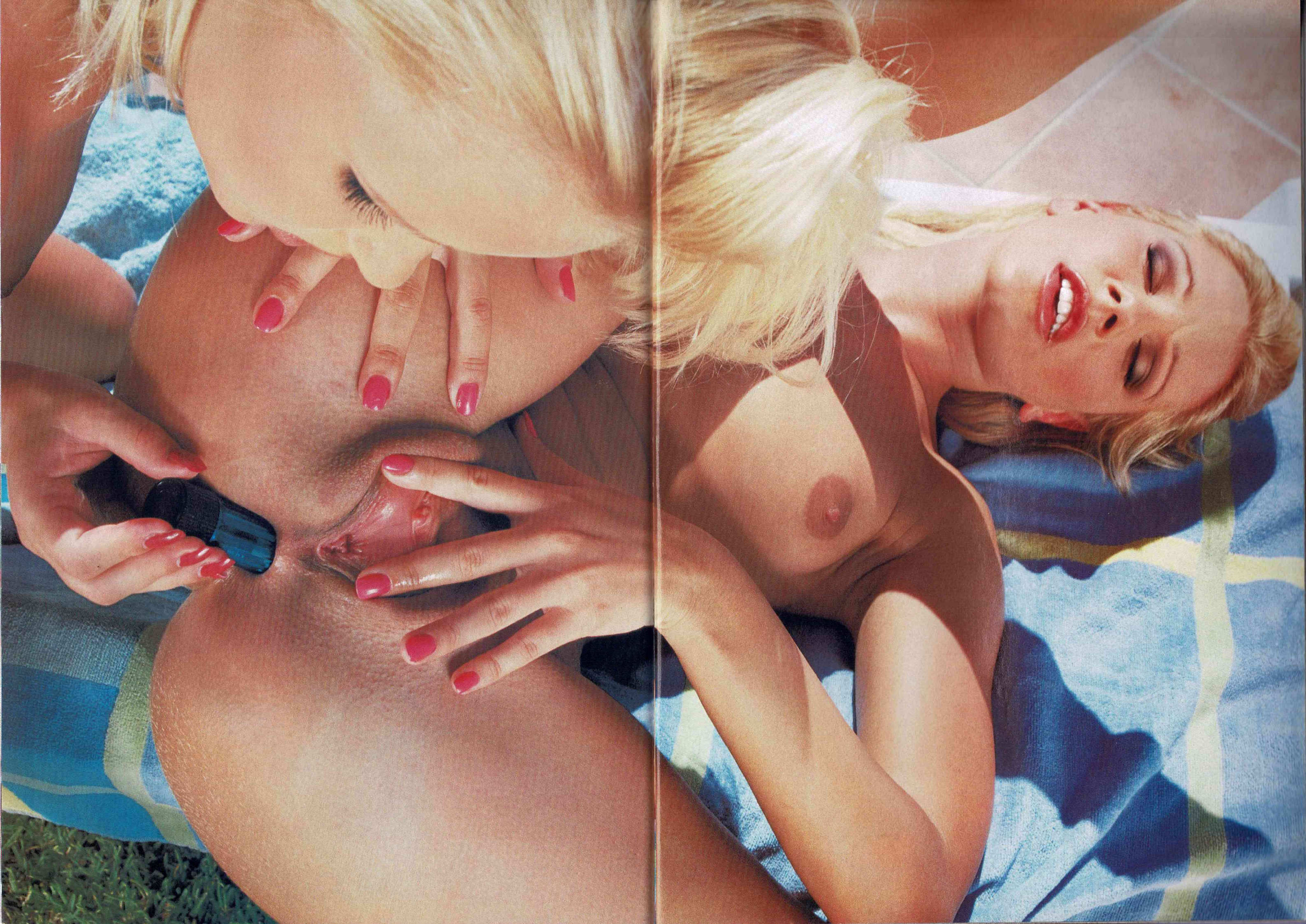
and each other's luscious bodies. "We're as close as two people can be without being related," giggles Sandy as she lays down beside Julianne on the comfy banana lounge, soaking up the rays. It isn't long before they are

kissing each other passionately, their tongues swirling around and against each other in a dance of lust. Then it's off with the bikinis as they begin to explore each other with their mouths, hands and sex toys. 









KUNG-FU Fighting

TARANTINO STYLE

Quentin Tarantino talks about growing up watching “grindhouse” cinema, blaxploitation movies and spaghetti westerns; his influence on other filmmakers; and his company’s latest feature, the kung-fu filled *Iron Monkey*.

Words by Jordan Riefe

“The most depressed or pissed off I ever got at film critics was when *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* came out and the only analogy they could make to it was *The Matrix*.”

PHOTOS BY AUSTRAL

Q: How long have you been a fan of martial arts films?

A: I'm very fortunate being part of the generation that was growing up in the '70s when the first big kung-fu explosion happened in America. David Carradine's TV show *Kung Fu* and Bruce Lee and Angela Mound and *Five Fingers Of Death* and the whole big explosion that happened in '72 and '73, started in '72, exploded in '73, continued in '74 and tapered off in '75.

What happened is that from '76 the genre really died in mainstream America but was kept alive by the black community. So all the films were opening up on, as opposed to 200 screens, 11 screens in Los Angeles County; Inglewood, Carson, Compton, Watts, this drive-in, that drive-in; same thing everywhere else, Detroit, Washington, DC, New York, so they kept them alive.

I still went and saw them all. I grew up with them. Martial arts films are one of the sub-genres of my life. To me, that

You know when he's reading you that code (Samuel Jackson in *Pulp Fiction*)... you're going to die.

is one of the greatest staples in cinema, and for half the planet it is too.

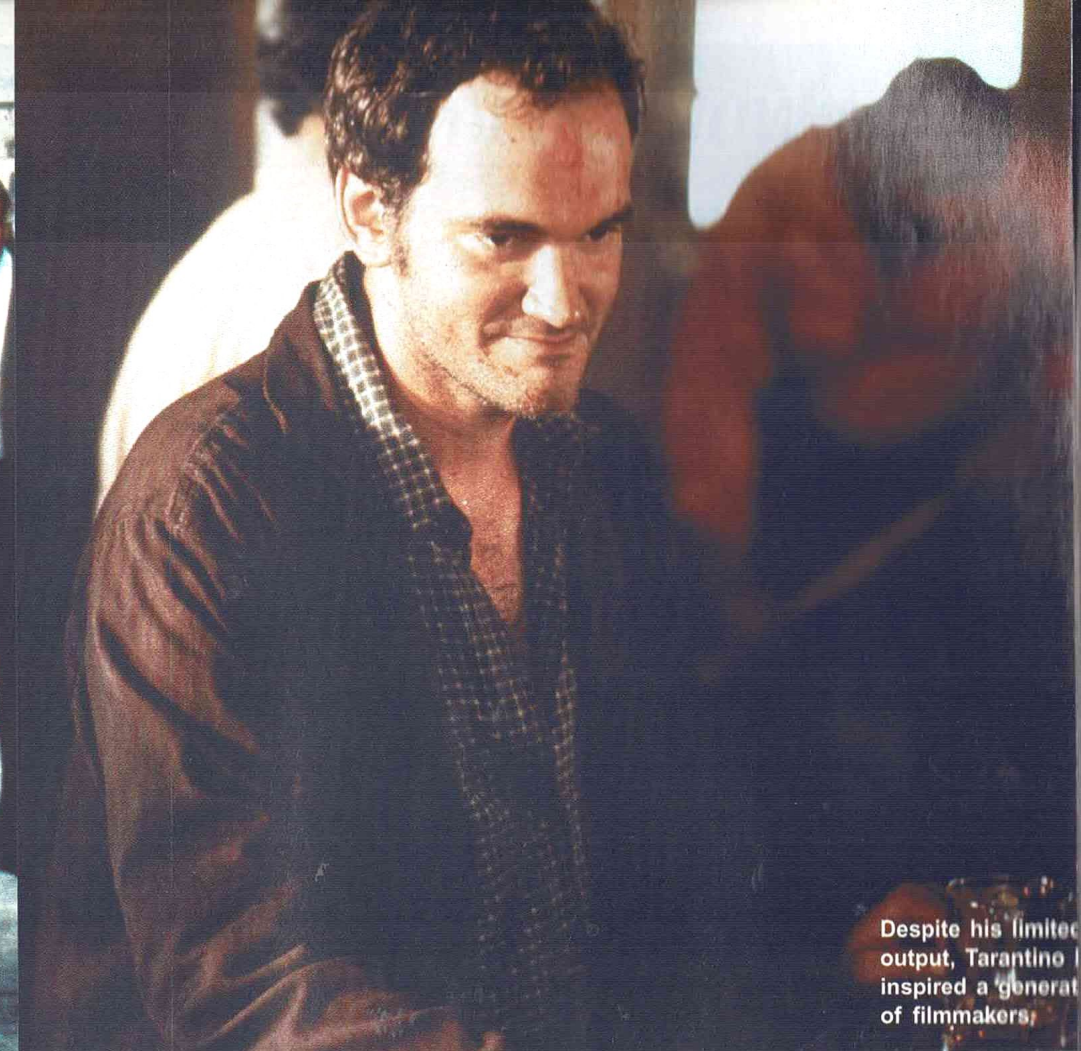
I actually think the most depressed or pissed off I ever got at film critics was when *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* came out and the only analogy they could make to it was *The Matrix*. We're talking about one of the most popular genres of cinema as far as the planet earth is concerned and they have so little knowledge of it they have to bring up *The Matrix*.

Critics are supposed to be film historians, they're supposed to be film professors for the average American Joes out there. They were all accepting money under false pretences when they got paid for writing those reviews 'cause they weren't doing their job at all. It just shows how ignorant they were.

I love this genre. I think it's one of those things like horror films or musicals where it's almost like the damn movie camera was invented to film this. When you see the right kung-fu film, the right Hong Kong-style action movie, it's as if the medium was invented just to do this. It's like cinema can be in its own



Men in black... killing has never looked so cool as in Tarantino's debut *Reservoir Dogs*.



Despite his limited output, Tarantino inspired a generation of filmmakers.

way, where it really becomes an art form unto itself.

A song can't get it across, a play can't do it, a novel can touch it but really can't quite give you that sexual feeling, almost, when you see a cool, kinetic action sequence in a movie and you mix it with kung-fu; especially if you start getting a little bit of the knowledge of the mythology behind martial arts cinema and get a little bit schooled in it. Oh, it can be bliss.

Q: How has this cinema informed you as a director?

A: You haven't seen kung-fu in my stuff, but again the genre is more than just fights. There are all kinds of staples inside of the genre. Growing up watching "grindhouse" cinema, blaxploitation movies, spaghetti westerns, Italian crime films, what have you, kung-fu films — all those genres have influenced my movies. I think when you look at my movies you can tell that this is a real thing. You can see it — someone with two left eyes could see it — that growing up, my favourite style of movies was either

exploitation films or art house films.

I saw everything, I'm not a Hollywood snob at all. There's enough good movies coming out of Hollywood every year to justify their existence. But I always liked the movies that went further, or coloured outside the lines.

That's what exploitation films did and that's what art films did. I've always tried to marry those two genres together, those two styles of cinema, in my films. I think it gets influenced that way.

A specific influence is stuff like Sam Jackson gives his Ezekiel speech in *Pulp Fiction* before he kills somebody. That could be straight out of a samurai movie where, you know, a ninja's reading his code. You know when he's reading you that code, it's your ass, you're going to die. When he finishes talking, your head's going to get cut off. So that was kind of the impetus behind the Ezekiel speech.

Q: Will audiences go for more kung-fu films, particularly after so many recent ones?

A: One of the things that's so good about *Iron Monkey*, and it's so cool to follow up *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, is that movie came along and in a very soft, gentle way was able to introduce the genre to a whole lot of Americans that would just say, "Blackbelt theatre,

get that out of here!" They could see it in a different way. It was soft, gentle, it was easy going down, they could take it in. They liked the action.

Now they've got an appetite for it, now they want to see more. *Iron Monkey* fills in, it has its wonderful, romantic elements in it. They're secondary to the fights, but they're still there. Also, western audiences always need... it's the thing about Americans... always need a western equivalent so they can feel something. They don't want to watch anything too foreign, they just kind of check out. But if they can find a western equivalent that they can apply themselves to, then they feel more comfortable, then they can open up and accept everything. They just need a western equivalent.

Iron Monkey is *Zorro*. It's *Robin Hood*. It works really great that way. You don't need to know anything about Chinese culture or history or mythology to sit down and watch *Iron Monkey* and just completely get it and have a good time.

The thing is, it's such a cool adventure movie. I tell different friends I have, take your kids to see it, and they'll like it. In particular, a lot of young girls have seen *Charlie's Angels*. They've seen it like six, seven times, they love *Charlie's Angels*. It's funny, I've talked to little girls who've seen it, anywhere from six to nine years

old. I talk to little girls, not little boys, not grown-ups, talk to little girls about it. Lucy Liu is their favourite character. Lucy Liu is the favourite character of all the little girls who see the movie 'cause she kicks ass. She's not trying to be funny or the sexy one, she is funny, she is sexy, she is all that stuff, but she's no-nonsense. She doesn't have any big speeches; when it comes time to fight, she fights. She's the one you want to fight the least. If one of them had to kick your butt, she'd be the one you hoped didn't show up.

Q: Did you study martial arts?

A: I'm too lazy to go into that kind of training. But about six years ago I started studying boxing and I got into it in a really big way. And that's cool 'cause that's our American fighting style. Actually, it's kind of neat 'cause guys like Bruce Lee — they admire boxers because by comparison to martial arts tournaments, boxing truly is combat, you're going in there to hurt the other person.

What drove martial artists crazy in tournaments is they can do this and they can do that, but they can't unload, so thus it's not a combat situation, it's an exhibition situation. Both Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan said their hero was Muhammad Ali.

Q: Did all the Tarantino imitators cause you to rethink your style?

A: No, it doesn't at all 'cause my voice is my voice, my vision is my vision. Theirs is theirs but I actually look at it more like my stuff only looks better by comparison. Yeah, that happened but if you compare me to Sergio Leone, the guy who did spaghetti westerns, it didn't happen to me at all compared to him. He made *Fistful Of Dollars* and created an entire industry of spaghetti western movies. They're all doing a lot of the same things, but it didn't stop his movies from topping each one every time it came out. He didn't change his style, he kept going on.

There are other good directors out there doing their stuff, doing spaghetti westerns, and they all kind of took it from his style. A lot of them even used Ennio Morricone (Leone's favourite music composer), but it didn't stop Sergio Leone from doing his thing and still being the master.

Having said that, a lot of filmmakers have gotten a bad rap. There is such a thing as a consciousness being in there. I tapped into it first 'cause maybe I could articulate it better than anybody else.

There are a whole lot of filmmakers and writers who were thinking some of

tarantino

the same thoughts, they were getting tired of the same cinema and wanted to make genre movies that would take place in the scenes in between the movie scenes you would see. I guess that is a good way to describe it. But they hadn't had a handle on it. They knew that they wanted to do that, but they couldn't articulate it. Then they see mine and they say, "Okay, I get it now".

They'd have things of their own to say, but they were just kind of shown the way Italian guys wanted to direct westerns but didn't know quite how to do it in an Italian way. But they've also had to put up with a burden. I've seen some stuff that's very original but they're called Tarantino-esque because of my stuff, because I'm there. Now, if you do a gangster-kind of thing and you've got humour in there, then you're going to be labelled me. Sometimes it's apt; sometimes it's very unfair.

Q: Why is music so important to your films?

A: It just always has been. One of the things that I do when I'm getting ready to write a film, I go to my record collection

If you do a gangster-kind of thing and you've got humour, then you're going to be labelled me. Sometimes it's apt, sometimes it's unfair.

and I start putting on music and I try to find the rhythm that the movie's going to play, the rhythm that it's got to work.

When I find it, I start listening to music more, trying to find the right things for the movie, get the personality of it. All of a sudden it hits me, that's what I used to do when I was a kid. Way before I could ever direct movies, I would buy soundtracks to movies that I liked. Before videotape, that's how you'd remember the movie; you'd find the cut from some scene in the movie, then you'd remember the scene as you're listening to the music. That was how you looked at stuff again and again.

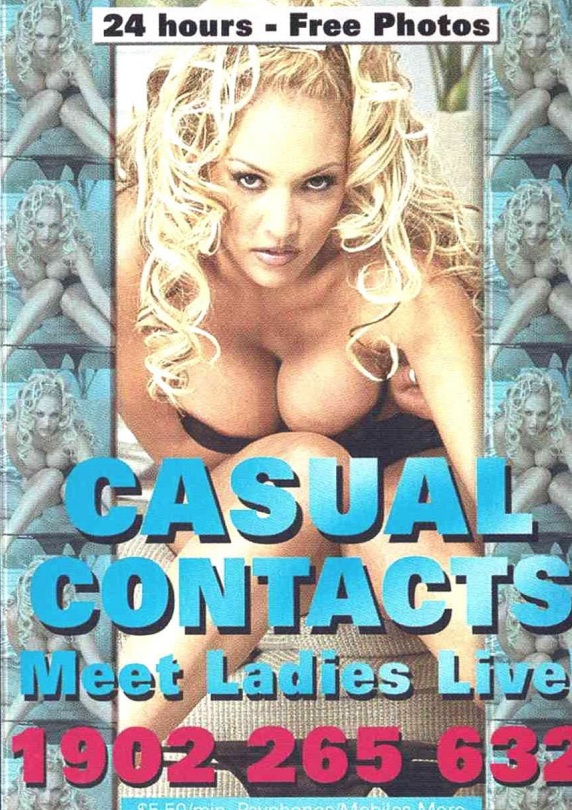
Or, I'd find the piece of music that I liked and then I'd be thinking about some movie in my head, then I'd be finding the right music to score that scene. That's my idea of moviemaking, taking some found stuff, coming up with the stuff in my head for how this works. It's almost part and parcel, it's part of what I do with my movies and my screenplays, combining cinematic images with music rhythms. I just think that when you do it right and when it nails it, it's really movie magic.

Q: What are your feelings about last year's attack on New York?

A: It's had so many effects on Americans and strangely enough some of the effects have been positive, which is the best thing you can hope for from a tragedy. I grew up as a kid with Watergate and the history of the Vietnam War. I didn't experience it or anything like that, but the history of it looms over. Watergate was part of my childhood and the erosion of your trust in the American government.

But for the last 20 years it's been living high off the hog, pigs in the fat house. So there is this aspect of everyone's kind of been asleep on the couch and we all of a sudden woke up. Oh, this is a big world out there and stuff has consequences and we're not immune to it. There's no bubble protecting our land here. So, that's kind of a good aspect, but the thing I keep focussing on — 6000 people woke up Tuesday morning thinking they had their whole lives ahead of them and went to work and didn't survive the morning. Every time you think about it like that, you think about all your BS problems, all the things you have left standing with different people and everything like that, it makes you just realise, bam, there's 6000 people out there. A whole lot of people from a lot of countries died in the World Trade Center, from CEOs to the janitor, when that building went down. I just keep thinking about that. ☐

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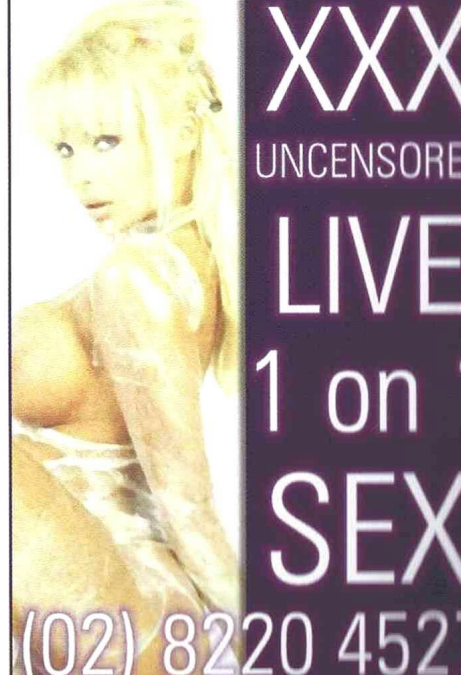


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Trading Places

"By day I play hard with the big boys and by night I play hard with my big boy."

Mess with Nakita at your own peril! The soft sexy blonde exterior of this beauty belies a tough-as-steel interior honed by three years working on the stock market floor.

"I don't like being pushed around, especially in business," she says. "Women play just as important a role as men in the commercial world and I can mix it with the best of them."

Photos by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com



After a day of buying and selling shares, you might expect Nakita to leave the iron fist in the velvet glove approach at the bedroom door.

"When I'm with my lover, that's when I'm a woman in every sense of the word. By the time evening comes around I've worked out most of my aggression. But there's plenty of fire left for a wild night of sex in the expert hands of my man."



There's still a hint of the no-nonsense girl even in the boudoir, on those special occasions when the vinyl lingerie and riding crop come out of the closet.

"My co-workers see me every day in my pinstripe suits and my hair in a bun. I suppose on the stock market floor and in the boardroom I cut a pretty intimidating figure to some, but they'd probably have no idea about what I get up to in the bedroom," she says.



"I like that duality, though. By day I play hard with the big boys and by night I play hard with *my* big boy." Nakita plans to make enough money to set up her own antiques business. But for the moment she's enjoying the high pressure of the stock market too much to consider taking a break. 





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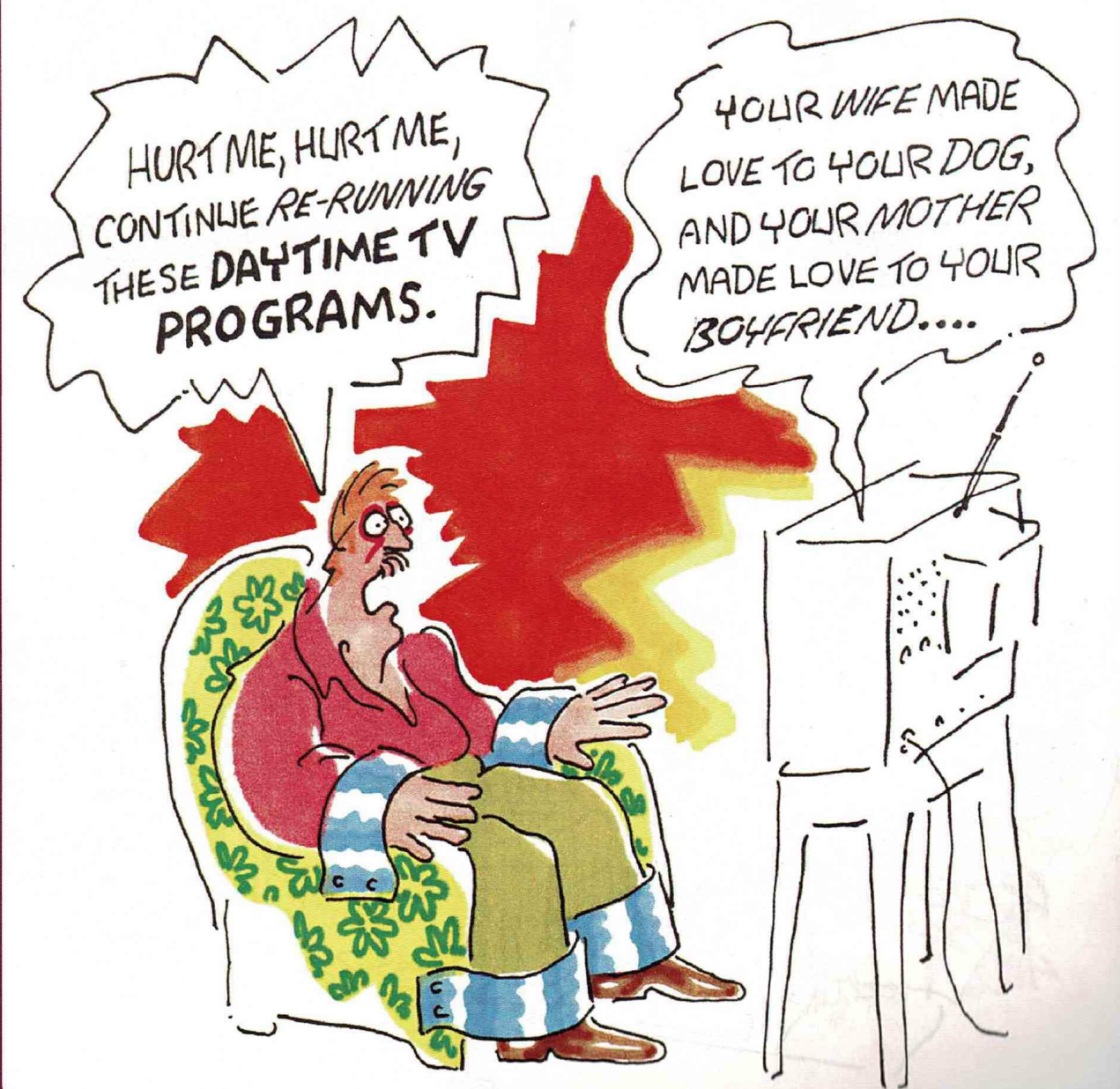
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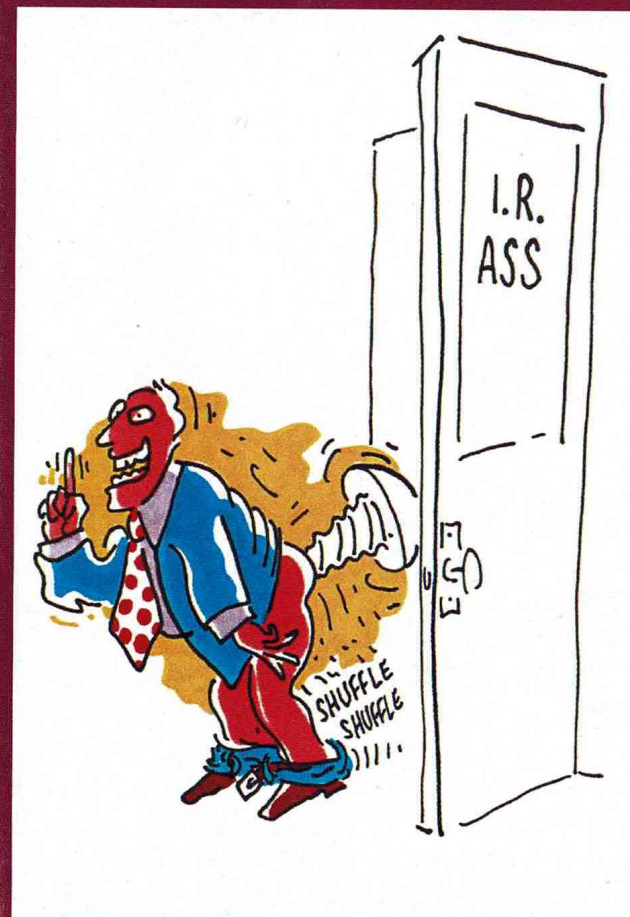
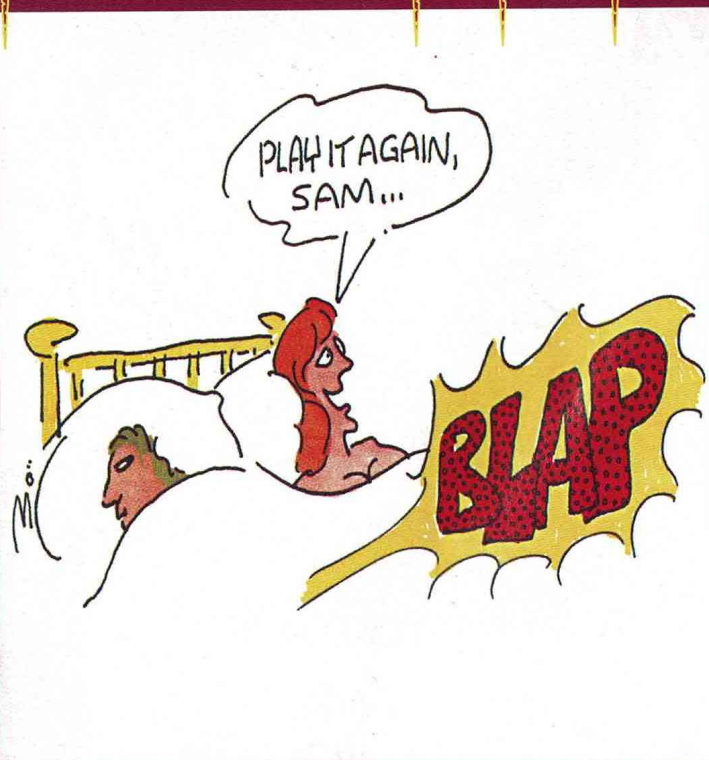
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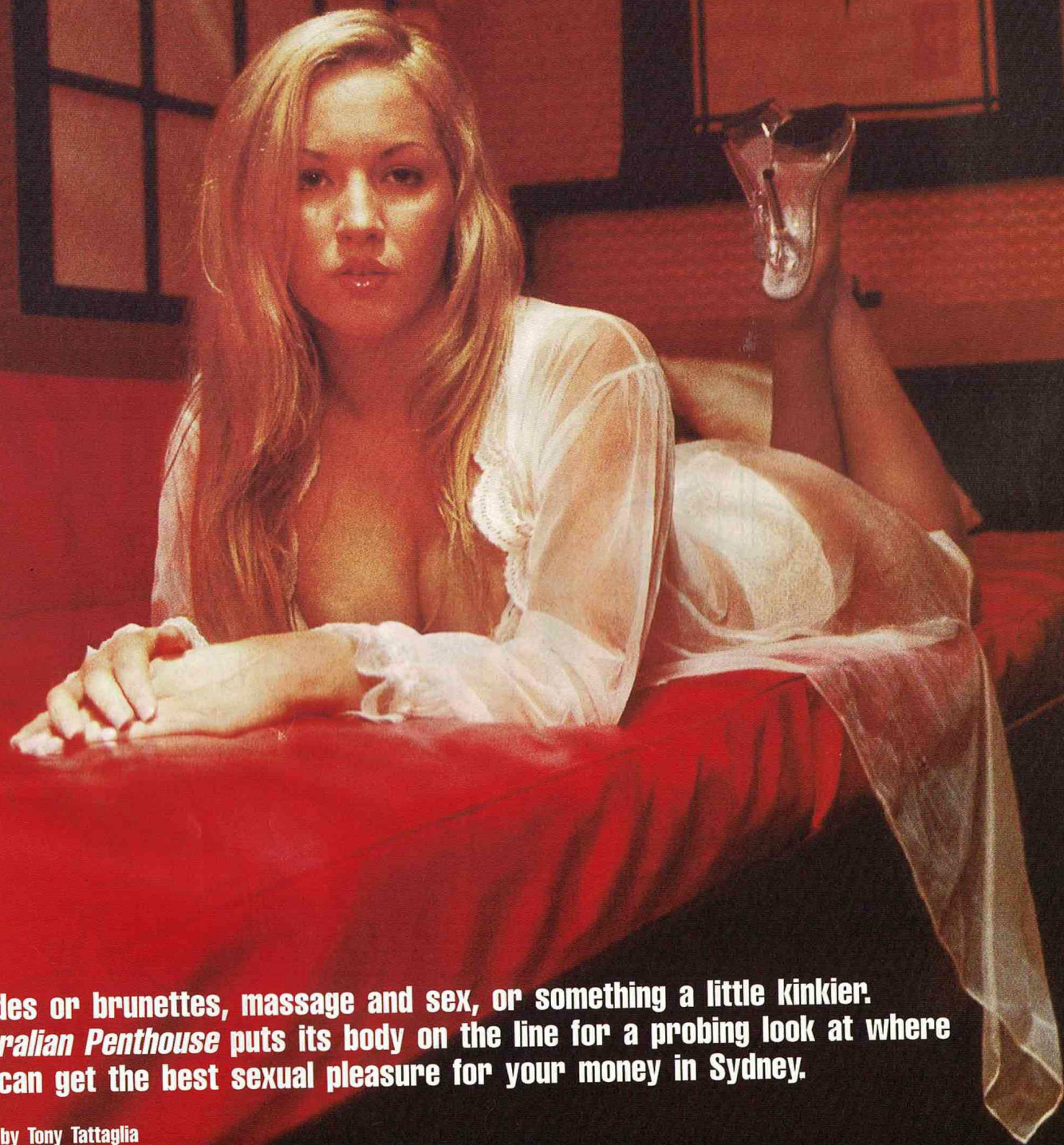
For some life is tough and they love it like that, as Bill Lee found out.



A Penthouse View of... MASOCHISTS

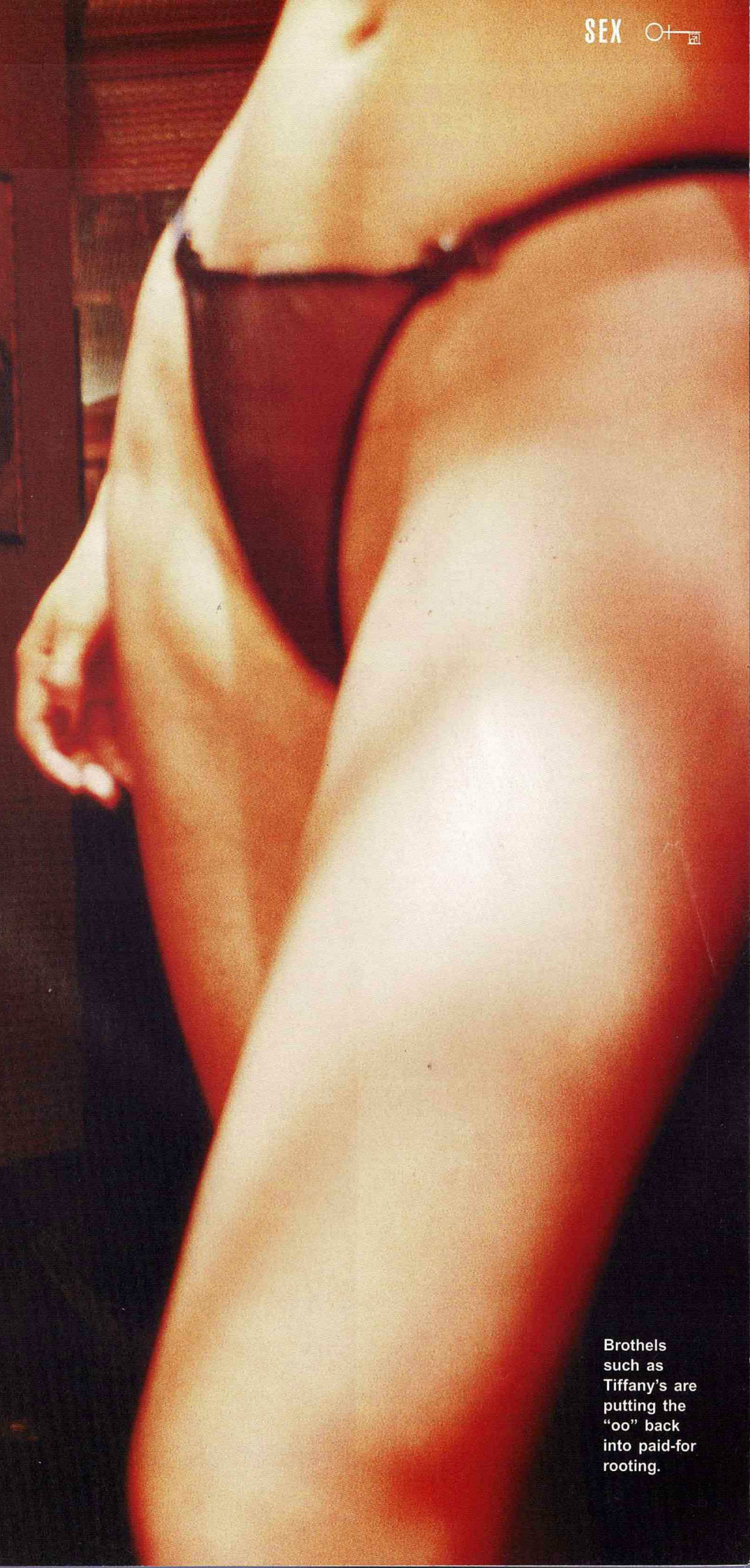


Penthouse Guide To Sydney Brothels



Blondes or brunettes, massage and sex, or something a little kinkier. *Australian Penthouse* puts its body on the line for a probing look at where you can get the best sexual pleasure for your money in Sydney.

Words by Tony Tattaglia
Photography by Andrzej Liguz

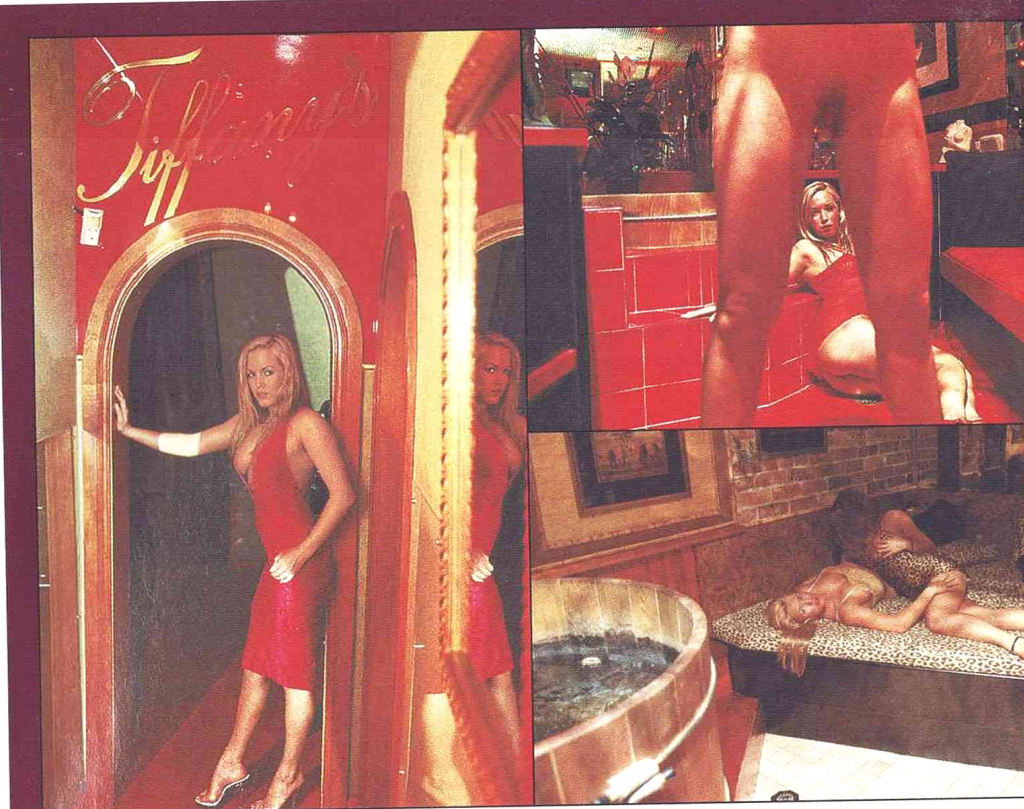


Brothels such as Tiffany's are putting the "oo" back into paid-for rooting.

sydney brothels

I enter the discreet back entrance and climb the stairs to a wooden door. I lean on the buzzer and moments later the door swings open. I'm greeted by an attractive receptionist and led into an impressive waiting room, which could be mistaken for the lobby of a very expensive hotel. I'm offered a complementary glass of red wine, sit down and relax. I'm here, after all, to have fun. Oh, and to do a review of nine Sydney brothels, of course.

Before I've had a chance to sip my wine two delectable women appear from nowhere and introduce themselves. One is a strawberry blonde dressed in a red bodice, the other a platinum blonde beauty dressed in a white evening dress. I take another sip of my wine and drink in their beauty at the same time.



TIFFANY'S

The management at Tiffany's has created an old-style establishment with the accent on service, luxury and sophistication. With a predominantly sensual red theme throughout the labyrinth complex, antiques and theme rooms such as The Jungle and Oriental rooms, it caters mostly for the upmarket gentleman.

There's a huge selection of girls to choose from, 120 in all, but you'll find between 20-24 working evenings and about 10 during the day.

The emphasis is on quality service and minimal waiting time. You choose a girl from a line-up in the waiting room and then take her to one of 17 rooms, some of which contain self-contained spas.

"There's a quick turnaround here," says spokesman Paul. "We can get you in and out the quickest."

99 Albion Street, Surry Hills
(02) 9211 3804
www.tiffanygirls.com.au



Price: Start at \$147 for half an hour; \$210 for 45 minutes; and \$252 for the hour. Additional services include lesbian acts, costumes and swapping. Open 11am-5pm.

GATEWAY CLUB

Entering the Gateway Club is like entering a five-star hotel. It's little wonder then that some clients who visit this Petersham gem choose to stay overnight, for the week or in one case for three months!

"We have clients who'll stay for days," says "Delta", who gave *Penthouse* a tour of the very impressive Gateway. "They can have their clothes sent out to be laundered and have breakfast served to them in the morning."

There are up to 20 women on in any shift, aged 18 to mid 30s. At Gateway you can expect five-star rooms, freshwater spas, a housemaid service, robes and sandals, even a mini-bar.

It's a very nice, luxurious atmosphere, conducive to a chat and a drink with the ladies before getting down to business.

474 Parramatta Road, Petersham
(02) 9560 8066, 9568 3597
www.gatewayclub.com.au

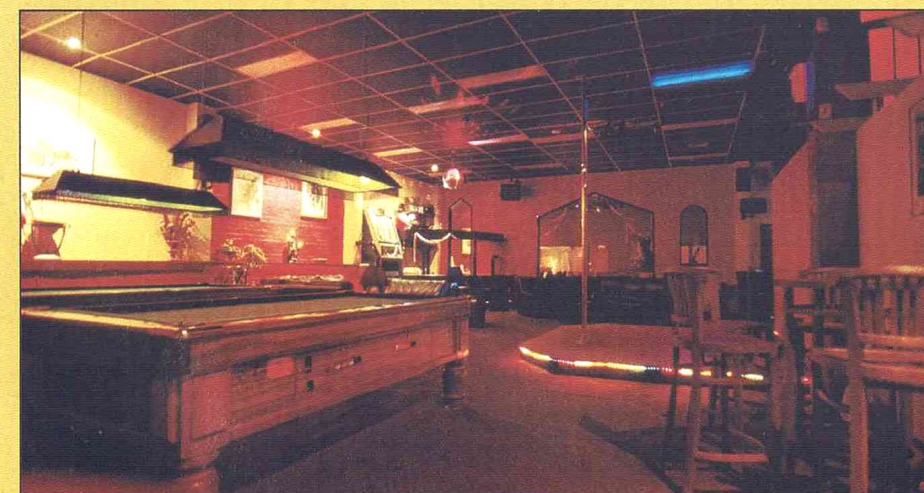


Price: Half hour \$155; 45 minutes \$215; one hour \$260. Open 24/7.

Decisions, decisions. Then a third girl walks in. She is deliciously dark-skinned. I'm like a kid in a candy store. Do I go strawberry, vanilla or chocolate? What I'd really like is all three flavours, together, but my budget determines I can only spend time with one. I've always wanted to make love to a black woman, so I choose "Tinka", my chocolate dream, for one hour at \$250.

As she leads me upstairs at Rascals with the promise of a little death by chocolate in the sexy wiggle of her cinnamon hips and the gleam of her pearly whites, my head starts swimming. I repeat my silent mantra... breathe, pace yourself, freestyle, breaststroke,

CAN CAN CLUB



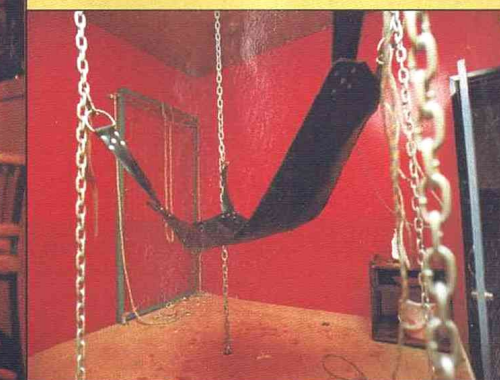
Can Can Club owners Tony and his wife Melissa have really hit on something here, incorporating all the essential elements of men's entertainment and putting them in the one very big establishment.

There's a decidedly European feel about this place and there's no pressure to fork out the bucks. The air of seduction is palpable as I sit at the bar and take in the scenery between sips of my complementary wine and handfuls of nibbles. Girls saunter by and introduce themselves while strippers do their stuff on the podium.

"People like to eat, watch and root," says Tony. You can't really argue with that and you can't really argue with a guy who has been in the business for decades and has a very good understanding of what the average punter requires — and this guy likes to serve it up in spades.

There were 20 girls working on the night I paid a visit.

267 Victoria Road, Rydalmere
(02) 9898 0133



Price: Half hour \$110; 45 minutes \$154; one hour \$198. A \$15 cover charge only on Thursday nights. Open 24/7.

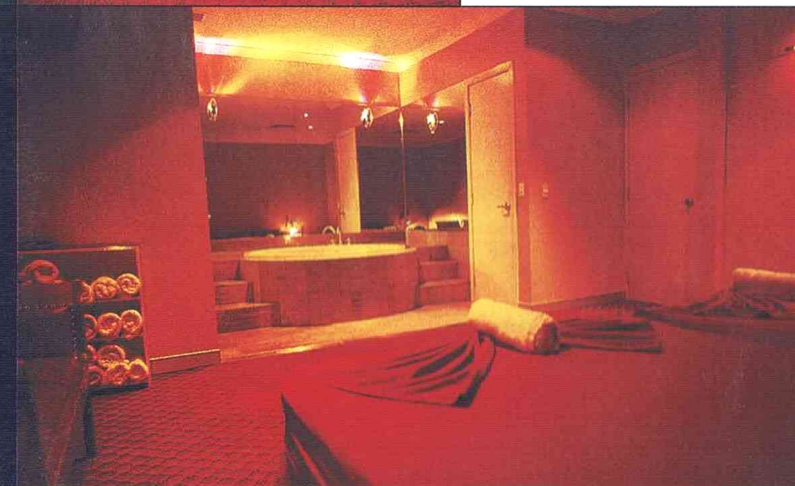
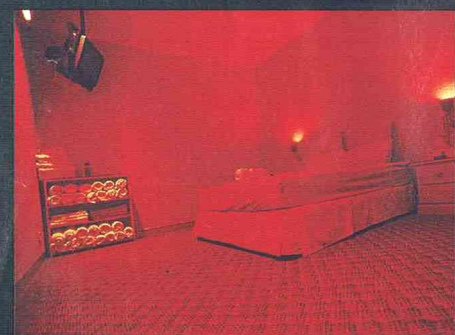
sydney brothels

butterfly... and come home strong. Sydney was, after all, home to the 2000 Olympics and more than a year later I am still gripped by the endorphin rush so generously in supply back then.

Sydney is also home to some damn fine bordellos. For the uninitiated, brothels in the Olympic City have come a long way in recent years, following legalisation of the industry in the mid '90s. Legalisation has meant stricter operating conditions and compliance with a plethora of rules and regulations — all, we are told, designed to make it better for punters, working girls and owners/operators alike. The result has been a better standard of establishment.

Those fly-by-nighters who persist in flouting the law are few and far between. Most of the ramshackle knocking-shops are forced to shut down as their customers head for safer, securer establishments where health, hygiene

THE SITE



Price: House special starts at \$120 for half an hour and includes kisses and cuddles and mutual oral; \$180 for 45 minutes; \$240 for the hour.
The Deluxe House Special is \$320 for one hour which includes French champagne and a light snack. Open 24/7.



CASABLANCA

Casablanca — the name conjures up visions of camels, overhead fans, Humphrey Bogart and smoky bars. Actually, Casablanca is a real breath of fresh air.

Geared towards the younger client — the place was packed with young working-class males aged between 18 and 22 the night I paid a visit — there's a real club look and feel about this place.

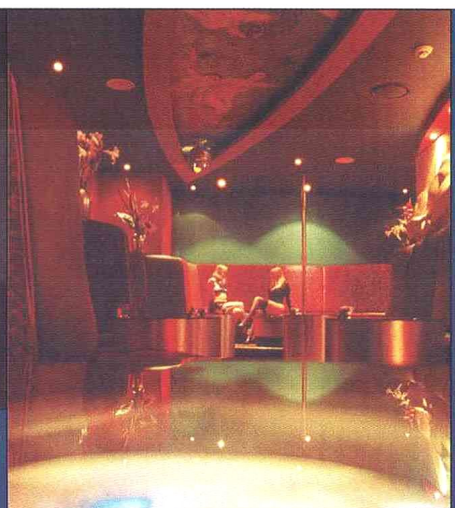
Clients can sit in the main waiting area, which looks like a nightclub dance floor, complete with strobe lights, smoke machine, funky music and small podium on which two girls writhed before me while a bevy of others surrounded me on the lounge.

Owner Sandra, who has 30 years' experience in the business, explains: "We create an atmosphere of a night out. The girls chat with clients and see if they are going to be compatible."

Price: Half hour \$110;
45 minutes \$165;
one hour \$200
Open 7 days.

Escorts are also available.

239 Northumberland Street, Liverpool
(02) 9822 4830



General manager Pat and director Cathy have hit on a winner here for punters in Sydney's west.

Located in an industrial area in between two of the city's busiest routes — Parramatta Road and the M4 Tollway — this is the new kid on the block, having opened in June last year. Block being the operative word — 2700 square metres of adult fun park.

The Site is a purpose-built establishment which means it has been designed from the ground up. And it shows in everything from its disabled facilities to its huge, relaxing rooms.

"We'll be adding other things such as bondage and a day spa," says Cathy. "The gentlemen who come here are looked after."

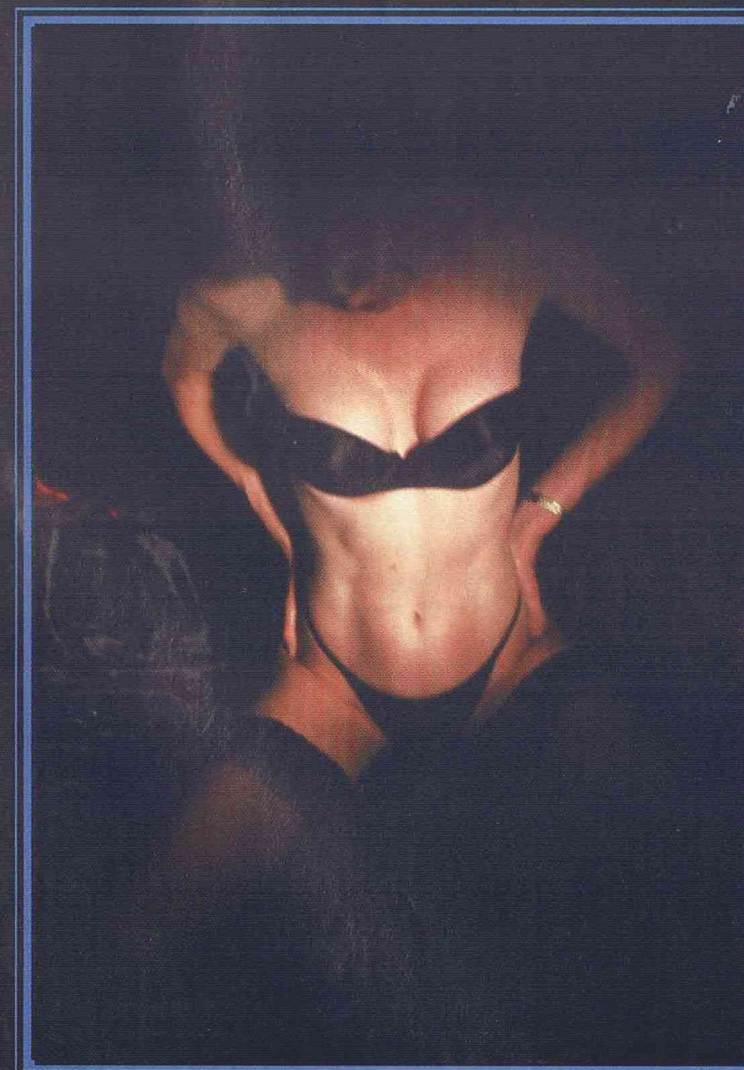
Features include overhead TV sets showing movies, pool tables, lounge areas, lift facilities for the disabled, 15 rooms, spas, and lesbian doubles.

8 Wentworth Street, Granville (02) 9897 7788

the Site

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- Brand New 6 Star Establishment in the centre of the west - between Parramatta Rd & M4 Freeway.
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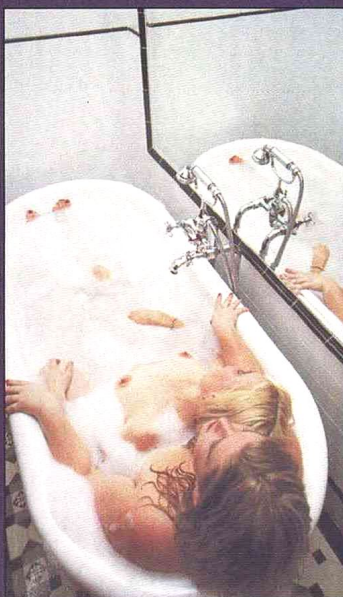
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sydney brothels

and quality service are de rigueur.

Speaking with local operators it becomes clear that client satisfaction — and consequently return custom — is at the forefront of their minds. Sure, it means more bucks for them, but in an age of council regulations, competition and AIDS it behoves these operators to adhere to the strict regulations, which include health and hygiene checks for the women, and fire-rated ceilings. And the client reaps the benefits with better facilities, better



RASCALS



With arguably the most distinctive front door in Sydney — the front end of a tram — Rascals is one of the new players in Sydney, having opened a year ago.

It screams classic bordello style, from its fabulous en suite bathrooms to its variety of theme rooms, spa baths, four poster bed in the French Bordello room, and luscious array of ladies.

You really get a sense of being in a luxury hotel sneaking away from the rigours of daily life to spend time in the willing arms of a very beautiful, eager-to-please woman.

And you'll love the tram car waiting rooms.

Prices: Half hour \$135;
45 minutes \$200;
One hour \$250 with spa
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LA PETITE AROMA

Owner of La Petite Aroma, Linda, may not come from a traditional sex industry background, but the former housewife has her finger on the pulse of what local workers want in their lunch hour. She bought the former strata flat block five years ago and converted it into one of the busiest establishments in Sydney.

And it's no surprise, as you are made to feel right at home from the moment you ring the doorbell.

"We're big on hospitality and good ethics here," says Linda. "We found that if you treat clients nicely at the door they treat you nicely in return."

"The girls here are expected to perform to the best of their abilities and they're dressed in revealing lingerie so that there are no unpleasant surprises."

There are two rooms catering for disabled clientele. Escorts are also available.

26 Railway Street, Chatswood
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www.lapetitearoma.com.au



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The average punter's standards and expectations have risen in an age where the three Ps — presentation, pampering and (sexual) positions — are as important as a warm shower, lube and condoms.

The Sydney brothels featured here are doing a roaring trade because they're catering for all tastes, budgets and sections of the community. And they're doing it in a way that's helping break down the walls of public fear and misconception.

These establishments are being pitched as homes away from home, places to relax and unwind. That's exactly what general manager Pat and director Cathy are trying to achieve at The Site, in Granville in Sydney's west.

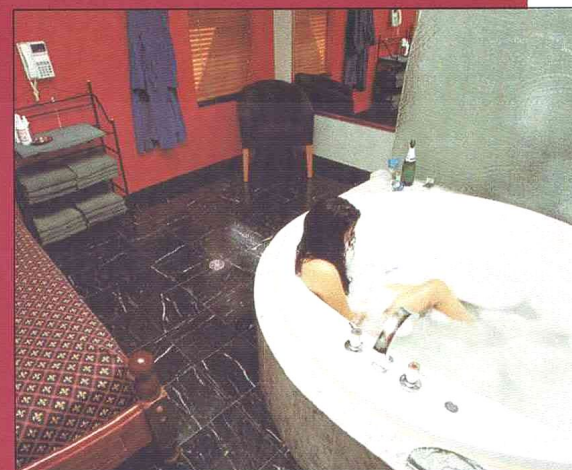
"We aim to make it a one-stop shop for relaxation," says Cathy. "It's a place where the guys can come in and have a massage or neck rub. They can have a

continued on page 128

THE BLACK GARTER

Many interstate and international visitors to Sydney make The Black Garter one of their first stops. Located a short cab ride from Sydney Airport, The Black Garter boasts one of the biggest variety of sexual services for clients. According to owner Tony, "everything from bondage to golden showers. It's all negotiable here."

"And our escorts will go



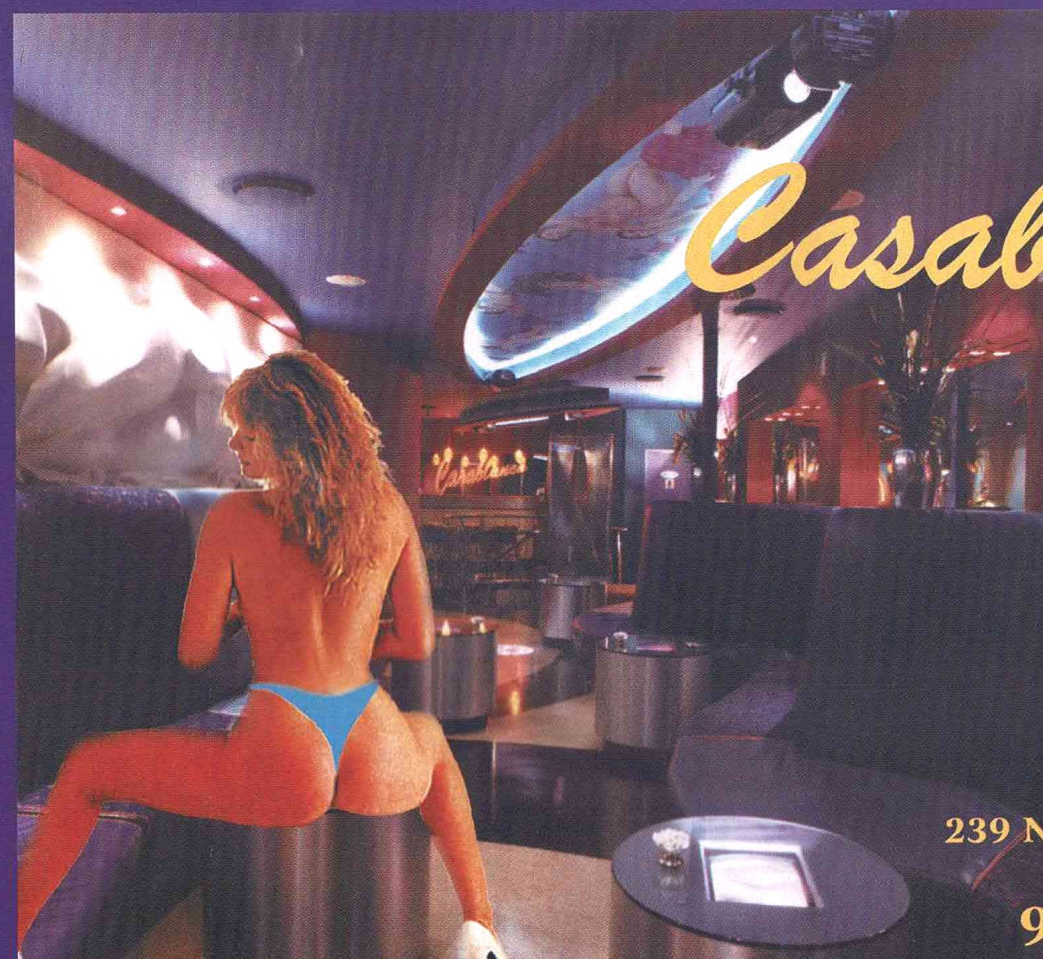
anywhere in Australia," says Tony. "You pay the travelling fees, we'll send the girl."

The rooms, fitted out in a contemporary style, have large beds, music, TVs and freshwater spas.

"We also cater for couples wanting threesomes or just to hire a room to see what it's like to have sex in a bordello," says Tony.

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Hard to Thrill

Photography by Hank Londoner

Samantha has always had a thing for Hollywood action man Steven Seagal, especially that long dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. So when a dead ringer for the martial arts movie star stops to help her change a tyre by the roadside, she thinks she has struck the jackpot.

The job done, she invites him to follow her home in his car for something cool. Once at her home Samantha wastes no time in grabbing Steven and pulling him close to her. Their mouths lock in a passionate kiss. They break away only to rip each other's clothes off before they head to the bedroom for an afternoon of torrid sex. 









X-Rated Video

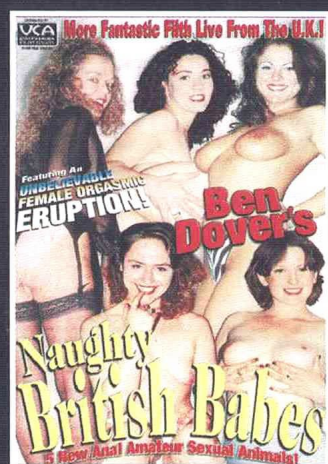
The Australian Penthouse Guide to the Best X in Town

Ben Dover's Naughty British Babes

Directed by Steve Perry.
Distributed by Axis.

★★★★

The latest vid from our favourite perv Ben Dover (geddit?) boasts five "ordinary" horny chicks indulging in all manners of sex. But there's nothing ordinary about these babes.



They have a voracious sexual appetite married with an obvious desire to be immortalised on film being shagged to high heaven by their lovers and Dover's perpetually erect cameramen. (How's that for job satisfaction?)

There's plenty of cock-sucking and anal action to be enjoyed here, but the highlight for this reviewer had to be Cherie's orgasmic eruption. She's a horny housewife the pussy-hungry crew pick up at Stonehenge, of all places. But there's more fluid than druid about



this suburban slut. You'll love the way she squirts pussy juice from her slash like a geyser when she comes all over the camera lens and onto the floorboards. Hubby's a domesticated chap, quickly sucking up the precious liquid from the floor like a manic Hoover.

There's also Toni, a sexy college student with a burning ambition to get fucked on film. The lads at Ben Dover don their career counsellor hats and help the pale-skinned, fresh-faced 18-year-old realise her goal. Watch as her face and neck turn a deep red as she's being pummelled by two dicks at the same time.

Cathy's fantasy is to sample a double-dick sandwich, which she gobbles down with relish.

Oh, and she prefers eating the mayonnaise after gobbling down the meat!

Then there's Hannah, a voluptuous redhead whose voracious appetite for cock is matched only by her love of squealing when she has a stiff dick up her cunt, another in her mouth and another in her arse. Would all our girlfriends be like this lascivious Limey? Rule Britannia!

Last but not least is Bev. Ordinary name isn't it? But there's something very extraordinary about this hornbag. She's a college pal of Toni who wants to go one better than her campus chum and be doubly penetrated. She graduates with honours. Pass the popcorn... and butter. — AO

Ten Little Angels

Starring Shayla Laveaux, Tiffany Mynx, Felecia, Bunny Luv, Tina Cheri, Jeanie Rivers, Chrissy Sparks, Allysin Chaynes.
Directed by Jim Holliday.
Distributed by Axis.

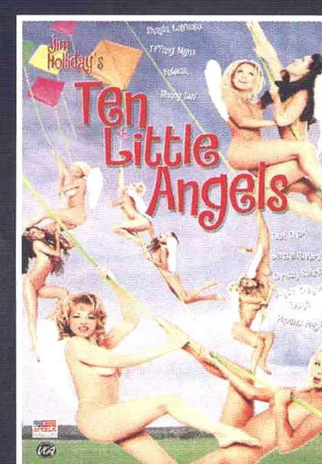
★★★



The box cover explains that "to understand Jim Holliday is to realise *The Blonde Brigade* had only two blondes in the whole movie". In the same vein, *Ten Little Angels* stars "Eleven of the foxiest hotties in porn".

So, are you starting to get the picture? Either Jim can't count, he's colour blind, or he's just plain full of shit. But he does guarantee hot sex and beautiful women — and there's plenty of both here.

Ten Little Angels is described as a gift to all those who like to see "tiny little blondes" taking it in the arse. So if his record is anything to go by, you can expect at least half the cast to be six-foot redheads, right? Well rest assured this hot cast is mostly blonde (albeit bleached) — and some of the finest in filthdom among them. Porn legends Tiffany Mynx and Shalya Laveaux put in some



fun, lip-smacking performances, and Nikki Charm makes a comeback after 15 years.

Plot fans steer clear — this is wall-to-wall fucking — nine scenes with well-known porn studs like Evan Stone ramming it home in some of the tightest little butts in the business, leaving you wondering how on earth it all fits in there. I predict the next era of extreme porn will feature X-rays, so you miss none of the action.

What makes Holliday special is his emphasis on feet. Foot fetishists will be drowning in a population puddle over this one, as every scene features at least one first-rate toe job. During a hot girl-on-girl threesome, one of the trio actually sucks her own toes, and I admit I'd never actually considered this a legitimate masturbation technique until now. Another scene has Mynx wanking Dillon with her feet, proving once and for all that this girl will do anything for the camera. She even cops a load of jism in her eye at the end, and takes it like the trooper she is.

Overall, a top no-frills flick that will please those who like to see lots of arse-stretching antics. — JT

Mi Vida

Starring Raylene, Chandler, Dee, Paizley Adams, Brook Hunter, Chennin Blanc.
Directed by Toni English.
Distributed by Gallery.

★★★★★

Mi Vida simply means My Life, and it hasn't been much of one for pretty Hispanic gangsterette Raylene. The former *chola* is just out of the caboose, having done two years for unspecified crimes. Now on the straight and narrow, with a job in a clothing store and a probation officer keeping an eye on her, Raylene is finding the straight life harder to pin down than she

drive with some friends in a hotted-up SUV, and there's a gangbang scene that beggars belief, as four homies, all of them hung like donkeys, fuck pretty Raylene into submission through every orifice.

But Raylene has a way out of the 'hood — her considerable talent as an artist. It looks like her step out of the community that holds her back is almost in reach, but the homicidal mania of the gangbangers knows no end.

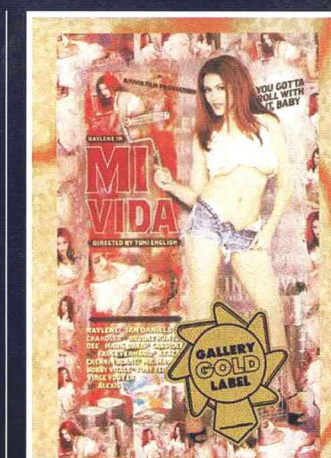
This is a fine piece of porn, with some of the hottest sex going. There's no economy of sex in favour of the plot, which still doesn't suffer. — JW



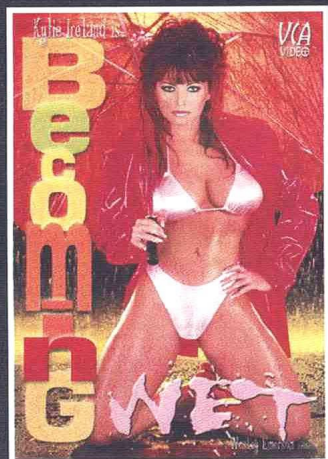
imagined.

Her homies turn up to greet her at work, "greeting" meaning dragging her out the back of the shop for a four-way lesbo lickout that winds up with fisting and strap-ons.

All too soon, the 'hood has its hooks into Raylene and she's out at night with dodgy ex-boyfriends, going to clubs and hanging with the wrong people. She is coerced into going for a



X-Rated Video



Becoming Wet

Starring Kylie Ireland, Jonathan Morgan, TJ Hart, Renee LaRue, Keri Windsor, Olivia. Directed by Wesley Emerson. Distributed by Axis.

☆☆☆

Famous — and dare we say it, a touch camp — writer Gilbert Fitz (Morgan) is in a slump. His sales are down and he is desperately in need of a muse to inspire him. He's just finished his latest erotic novel *Hotel Erotica* written under the pseudonym Jennifer Whett. It's time to celebrate with a ritual he undertakes upon completion of all his manuscripts. He phones his favourite escort agency and orders "the nastiest big-titted babe" to come over and shag him.

Enter Kylie Ireland, who's downright nasty and big-boobed, but a little too loud-mouthed for his liking. But this doesn't stop him, of course, from giving her a good bonking on the couch in his swank apartment and



doggy-style against the glass-top coffee table. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the pork sword proves the mightiest of them all.

Some weeks pass and we learn that the book is not selling all that well. Gilbert's frustrated agent

decides the writer needs to go on a promotional tour and hires an "actress" to play the part of Jennifer Whett to do interviews about the novel. Only problem is she's the same nasty hooker Gilbert had recently hired to fuck him senseless. It's bad enough

that she's hardly media savvy but this big-titted babe only sees this as an opportunity to peddle her own wares which she does with ball-burning expertise! All to Gilbert's sorry embarrassment.

Ireland is that curious blend of trashy porn star and girl-next door seldom seen these days in American hardcore action. She's not averse to having several cocks in her at the one time and along with the other female stars of this vid gives her ball-burning all in the sack. There's also a horny girl-girl scene between Ireland and a voluptuous blonde worth pressing the pause button for. One for all the frustrated writers. — AO O—z

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We are giving our readers the chance at the ultimate in gigs. Just send us your review of a recent X-rated video (no more than 200 words) to penthouse-xvids@gemkilt.com.au or mail to Australian Penthouse, PO Box 4455, St Leonards 1590. If we publish your review you'll receive five hot X-video releases, courtesy of adultshop.com.

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forum

Same Time, Next Year

My story starts some 18 years ago. I met Jane when I was 18 and she was 16. We dated for about four years before she met someone else and left me devastated. I was a typical 18-year-old fool — full of petty jealousies and the like, and was probably just as much to blame as she was. We lived in fairly repressed times and never had much idea about sex.

After the break-up we continued to see each other off and on as friends and eventually I moved interstate. We both married and had kids. About 18 months ago we started to email each other. A flippant remark in passing from me — "Would you like a long-distance boyfriend?" — was met with a positive response.

Pretty soon we were having late night sessions in chatrooms, which led to my first experience of cybersex. This in turn led to phone sex, which eventually led to a visit. We hadn't seen each other for over 10 years, but we'd swapped photos over email. We decided to meet at her end, but well away from her home.

After many emails back and forth describing what we were going to do to each other, the weekend finally arrived. Jane picked me up from the airport and we drove to the motel. She looked as beautiful as she did all those years ago. We were both so excited we could hardly speak. After checking in, we decided that sex could wait for a bit longer, so we went and had dinner at a cosy restaurant nearby, then headed back to the motel for what was to be the most exciting weekend of sex I have ever known.

We rushed into the room and pulled the curtains shut. Jane fell into my arms and we kissed passionately. I started to undress her until she stood there in a very sexy G-string and bra. As she undressed me, we fell onto the bed and I started kissing her all over. I licked her hard nipples, running my tongue over her

Erotic letters from the hottest mailbox in town

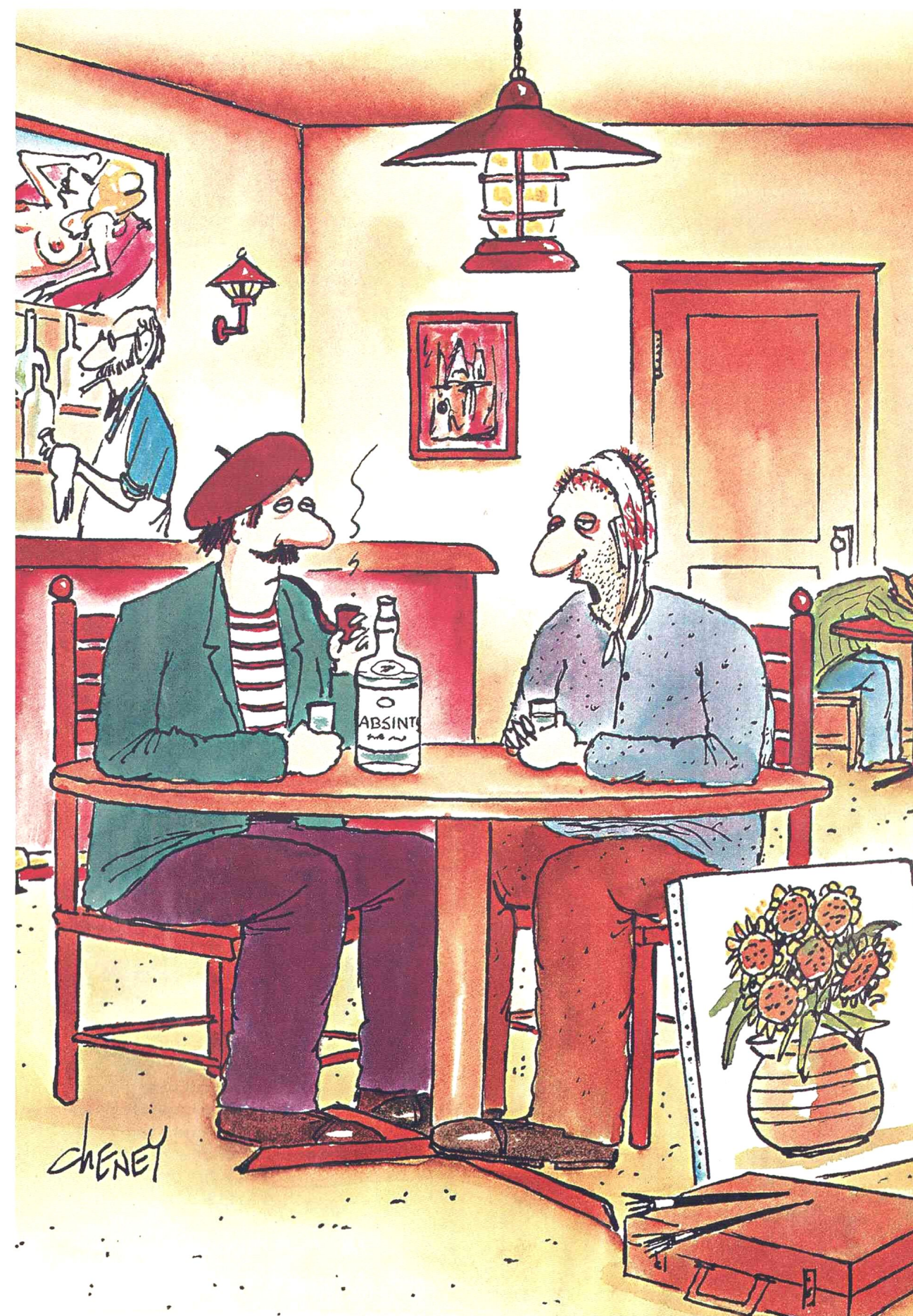
breasts, down her stomach, to her beautiful, moist pussy. She tasted so sweet as I licked her clit and probed her pussy with my tongue as deeply as I could. I gently slipped my fingers in her as I licked and sucked on her clit. Her moans of ecstasy were a delight to hear. This woman was just pure heaven.

Jane got up, rolled me over, pulled my soaked pants off, took my throbbing cock in her mouth and sucked me so hard that I thought my head would cave in, stroking her hand up and down the shaft. I had to stop her quite a few times before I blew my load. The sight of her gorgeous face hovering over my cock was too much for me. I pulled her away, laid her on the bed and slowly entered her from on top. Her pussy was so wet it was like slipping into pure velvet.

We made love like that, looking into each other's eyes and kissing deeply, for what seemed like an eternity. I turned her over at her urging and entered her doggie-style. Whilst I fucked her I inserted my thumb in her beautiful arse, until she turned, looked at me and said, "I want you to fuck me in the arse". I nearly

fainted. Although she had spoken about anal sex, I didn't think it would happen. I removed my cock from her pussy and edged it towards her arse. I squeezed it in and started pumping in and out very slowly as I played with her nipples. By this time she was begging me to fuck her arse harder. Naturally I obliged. I could hardly hold myself back. The sight of this gorgeous woman bent over on all fours, her arse up in the air and my cock buried deep inside her, was almost too much.

After she came a number of times, she told me to go and wash my cock quickly, so off I went. I jumped back on the bed and she took my member in her mouth and proceeded to suck it like it was the last cock on earth. Then she said, "I want you to come in my mouth." This was very different sex to when we were teenagers! Anal sex was not even discussed and she never swallowed. Watching her work got me so excited I began to tremble. Ever the gentleman, I told her I was about to come, but she just kept on sucking. I exploded, and she took it all into her mouth as I shuddered and shook with the intensity of it. I watched



"Then she said, 'Forget it, Vincent. The day I pose nude for you will be the day you cut your ear off.'"



Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. All Forum letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send your tales of sexual adventure to Penthouse Forum, Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590, or fax on (02) 9901 6116. E-mail penthouse@gemkilt.com.au. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

forum letters

her swallow every drop and she gave me a sexy smile. I started to get up but I was so weak at the knees that I just fell back on the bed.

We spent the rest of the night talking, cuddling, kissing and sleeping. The next day was spent having more mindblowing sex. We promised ourselves that we would try and do this at least once a year, just like in the movie *Same Time, Next Year*. We're about to organise our next one, so there may be more stories to come. — *Name and address withheld*

Blue Movie

Sandra had been working at my office for almost six months before I finally worked up the courage to ask her out. She's a real stunner — tall, with cropped blonde hair, a peaches-and-cream complexion and amazing blue eyes. I can get pretty intense at work and I was afraid she might think I was full of myself when I asked her out. Luckily for me she didn't.

I spent the week before trying to think of a way I could get into Sandra's panties.

On Friday I found a Post-It note stuck to my computer telling me not to forget about our date. I realised that this girl was not as shy as I first thought.

We started out on Saturday with dinner at her favourite restaurant. When we finished eating Sandra slid her chair around to my side of the table, so we could both see the band playing. While we were sitting there Sandra reached over and dropped her hand to my crotch. Since she'd been rubbing my leg with her foot during dinner, I wasn't that shocked. I put my arm around her shoulder and she kept rubbing my cock. She seemed pleased that it didn't take long for me to start getting hard. I was thinking that maybe we wouldn't be seeing a movie that night, but I was wrong. She said that there was a really romantic flick that she was sure I'd like. I was certain she was teasing me but the night was still young, so we were off to the movie.

In the car Sandra slid over and started playing with my cock again. Pretty soon we were fooling around at every red light.

The movie theatre was a nice, old-fashioned place with a classical marquee out front and only one screen inside. After we got our tickets, Sandra asked if we could sit up in the balcony. I said sure, thinking I'd get the chance to feel up those luscious tits. She led the way to the back row.

As we sat down, Sandra took one sip from her drink, unzipped my pants and pulled out my already hard dick. Luckily there was no-one close by. I tried to stifle a moan as she bent down and ran her tongue around the swollen cockhead, then up and down the length of my shaft. I reached over and unbuttoned her top enough so that I could finger her nipples, which were hard as pebbles.

I reached under her skirt to finger her pussy and felt no panties, only a snatch that was as smooth as a baby's arse. I pushed one finger into her hot little hole and found she was already soaking wet. I flicked my finger across her clit, then used two fingers to rub her pussy in small circles. She started grinding harder against my hand. I slid my thumb back and forth over her clit until she stopped sucking me and went very stiff. She moaned loudly and gushed a stream of juice all over my hand.

I was about to come, when Sandra swallowed my shaft again. When I felt her bucking her hips, I shot a huge load of sperm down her throat. She didn't slow down for a second as she swallowed as much as she could.

Sandra leaned over and whispered in my ear that she wanted my cock in her. I slipped down in my seat so she could mount me. She slid down onto my lap and pressed herself against my dick, which was already getting hard again. She teased the head, rubbing it back and forth against her slippery slit. Then she stuck my cock inside her and slid all the way down, panting how badly she wanted me to fuck her. I grabbed her arse cheeks and pulled her down again, arching up to thrust myself deeper inside her.

Sandra's cunt was amazingly tight, and I told her so as I started pumping away like a jackhammer. She matched my rhythm stroke for stroke, riding me so hard her tits nearly bounced out of her top. It wasn't long before I felt her cunt oozing honey all over my cock. "That's it, baby!" she panted, grinding harder against my prick. A moment later I exploded

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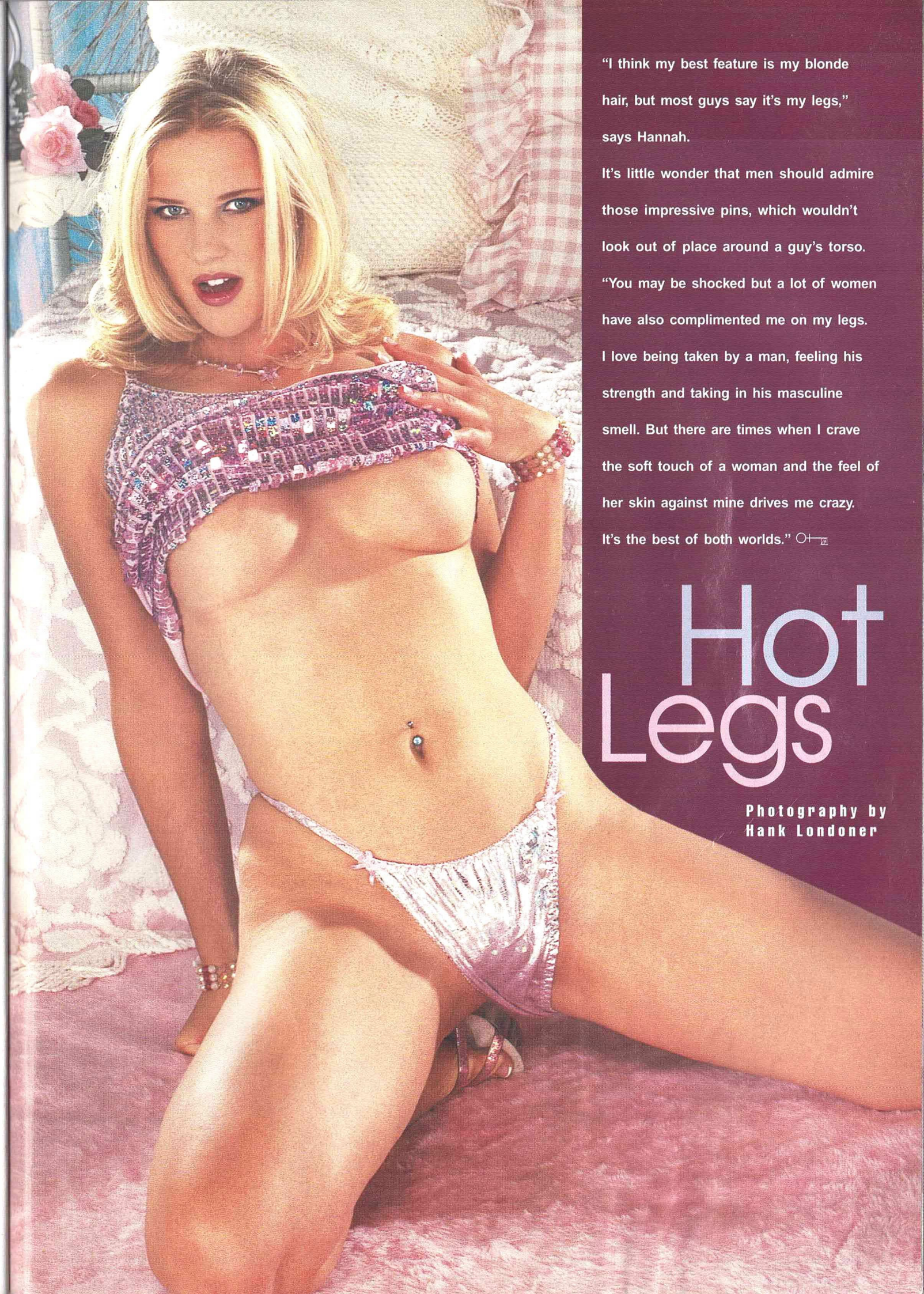
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"I think my best feature is my blonde hair, but most guys say it's my legs," says Hannah.

It's little wonder that men should admire those impressive pins, which wouldn't look out of place around a guy's torso.

"You may be shocked but a lot of women have also complimented me on my legs.

I love being taken by a man, feeling his strength and taking in his masculine

smell. But there are times when I crave the soft touch of a woman and the feel of her skin against mine drives me crazy.

It's the best of both worlds."

Hot Legs

Photography by
Hank Londoner







forum letters

inside her, unleashing a huge load. Sandra kept pumping until she milked every drop from me, then stopped moving with my cock still lodged inside her. Looking at me with a wicked grin on her face, she asked if I liked the movie. I smiled back and told her it was the best romance flick I'd ever been to.

Ever since then we've been seeing a lot of each other. We always start out in some semi-public place, then end up back at her place or mine to fuck the night away. — *Name and address withheld*

Picture Perfect Sex

My wife Amanda and I had known Jeff for some years, and we slowly became more socially involved. We found that he was a very highly sexed man, and as we also were so inclined, our conversations gradually became more sexually explicit.

During one evening at our home, as the drinks flowed, we showed him an album of polaroids we had taken of ourselves using the time delay. As we wanted more and better ones, it was

agreed that Jeff would take them at a more suitable time.

When the time came, it was hard not to notice a slight tension in the air, but after some coffee and conversation, we agreed to start. We were in our lounge room, and I put on a group sex video. When I turned around, I saw Amanda and Jeff standing and embracing strongly, and tongue kissing deeply.

We all started undressing. Amanda stopped when she got down to a beautiful, lemon-coloured teddy, with black "stay-up" stockings and black high heels. She looked stunning, so much so that after both Jeff and I had hugged and kissed her, I knelt down to undo the fasteners at the crotch of her teddy. My fingers were fumbling in my excitement and Amanda stopped kissing Jeff just long enough to call out, "Hurry up!" At last I unsnapped the studs and her thick black hair was uncovered. After much cupping and stroking of her beautiful arse and crotch, the neat lips swelling to a glorious fullness before my eyes, we all finished undressing.

By now, I had given Jeff the camera and, with the urgency of lust, Amanda tumbled on top of me on the carpet. It could have been a pile of rocks, for I was aware of nothing but those exquisite pussy lips closing around the head of my cock and sucking me into her liquid warmth. She gently wriggled her hips and bottom until she had lodged me deeply inside her. After pausing and sucking my tongue, she clenched my cock with her incredible pelvic floor muscles, and then started to slowly move up and down. Amanda had her knees up by my ribs, as I cupped her bottom and extended my fingers to touch her full, soft lips.

The camera flashed, and I, who prided myself on my sexual control, felt an electric surge in my balls, and could only cry out, "I'm sorry", as my body shuddered, and I exploded inside her. After a short pause, still coupled, still rock hard inside her, I twisted slightly onto my right side and put my left leg between hers, with my right one on the outside. Amanda slid hers down. It's a very comfortable position we often use. Again the camera flashed.

We got up and talked for a few minutes, then Jeff went to the bathroom. When he came back, Amanda was on her stomach, and I was on top of her with my knees outside her legs, applying long, gentle strokes while her bottom gently lifted and pushed back at me. In this position, Amanda often comes gently from the pressure of my cock on her G-spot.

With a slight change, Amanda moved onto her left side, and pulled her right knee up. Frankly, the sight of her thighs, bottom and full lips contrasting with the rich, black pubic hair is a sight to die for. I always have to pause and drink in the glorious sight before straddling her left leg and entering her, savouring the thought of how we must look. Flash! Then Jeff said, "I got a really close one of that." (Later viewing showed that he had — much better than a mirror.) Neither of us came in this position, which was no problem, as we both just wanted to keep fucking on the high, intense plateau we'd reached.

After another pause for coffee, it was time for Amanda to climax. She lay on her back again as if for missionary, and I knelt by her left side with my knees by her breasts, and head between her thighs. I can lick her for a long time like this without neck strain, and I get my cock and balls exquisitely fondled. Again, Jeff



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lay down by her right side, and they kissed deeply. As I carried on licking, Amanda started gently moaning. A few minutes later, I heard the tone of her cries change, and inwardly smiled as I realised that she was sucking Jeff.

Everything went beautifully. Amanda's cries became very loud, her hips bucked, and I felt the flow of her love juices over my tongue. I kept slowly licking and she started a series of orgasms, until her pleasure became too intense to bear, and she crushed her thighs together and pushed her hand under my mouth, making me stop. I stopped and hugged her hips and thighs for a minute or two, with my fingers still slightly inside her. As I eased away, Jeff was quickly between her thighs.

I sat back on my haunches and watched from beside them as he stroked his cock gently, slowly up and down between her swollen lips from perineum to clitoris. To see those lips flowing around his swollen cock head was the sexiest thing I had ever seen. I knew he was trying to touch her clitoris and make her come, but

although I was sure she wouldn't, I had to say that he was forever the gentleman. Jeff then altered his position and I watched transfixed from only centimetres away as his straining cock slid between her lips, and his balls eased onto her moistness.

I was delirious with lust, but felt neglected. I put my left hand on her arse, which was lifting to each stroke, and impulsively took Amanda's hand and put it on my throbbing cock. She started gently stroking but did not look at me. Her head was thrown back, eyes closed, and she was gently gasping. Jeff was getting vocal, and his thrusts were getting stronger. I looked at Amanda's beautiful cunt lips as they gripped his shaft, and her bottom lifted and clenched harder as I held it. They both started bucking and crying out as I threw my head back with a roar and sent a huge spurt of jism across their jerking bodies.

Later that evening at home on our own, we were having a gentle, delicious lovemaking session whilst talking about the morning's activities. The conversation

was making the fuck absolutely lascivious. "Tell me," I asked, "What was the sexiest part of the morning for you?" Amanda looked deeply into my eyes. "Knowing that you were watching me as I was fucking Jeff," she said. I came almost instantly! — *Name and address withheld*

Timor Adventure

A new unit was being raised to provide "services" to the soldiers in East Timor. I was offered the position of the Unit Officer Commanding (OC); I suspect they had trouble finding a Regular Officer to take the position. Being a female Major in the Reserves, these opportunities are rare, so I jumped at it.

The rule was two beers per night and no sex. They had to be kidding. One Captain was sent home for being caught giving head to a Corporal. She was made an example of to get the message across to all the soldiers, but that just made it more exciting. They will never learn.

Captain Pain is a gormless accountant in civilian life and an embarrassment to reservists in general, but here he was a fellow Officer and my Second in Command, deployed to conduct periodic financial audits, and to do as he was told.

I have been described as short and curvy with big tits. I am no beauty queen but when I opened the door to the portalo and saw Pain jerking off to a copy of *Penthouse*, I knew I had him. The look on his face was priceless, his cock in hand, sweat pouring off his face and as embarrassed as hell. I simply said, "Captain Pain, I will see you in my room after my Orders Group tonight," then closed the door. I had him and he knew it. Timor is like a huge sauna creating a constant layer of sweat all over your body, but sitting through orders I was wet for another reason — anticipation.

A number of soldiers had been caught batting off while on sentry duty and were the butt of everyone's jokes. I knew Pain must have been extremely nervous and watching him squirm throughout the orders was making me as horny as hell.

Being the OC I had my own room, and when Pain knocked I told him to enter and close the door. He submitted immediately; but then he is a wimp at the best of times. I simply whispered in his ear, "Fuck me or else" and then pushed him to his knees.

I slowly opened my camouflaged

trousers and Pain hooked his fingers into my army issue undies and removed them and my trousers. I shoved his face straight into my hairy, sweaty pussy. I pushed his head up and down, manoeuvring his nose over my engorged clit, and received the best nose job ever.

"Eat me, Pain," I demanded. His tongue was not forthcoming so I tightened my grip on his hair and reminded him of his need to please me. He came to life and found my clitoris. I couldn't help moaning as he sucked my long lips into his mouth and flicked my cunt at the end of each tongue stroke — this was heaven. "Lick my cunt you wanker — drink me, swallow my juices!" I ordered. I loved this control.

"Finger my arse as well!" Two fingers slipped straight into my gushing hole; I adore the initial penetration of my arse. I couldn't take this any longer and came all over his face.

I ripped my cam shirt and bra off and let my huge tits hang loose. Pain looked up and I could tell he was rapt to see them. He reached up to touch but I

slapped his hands and told him to stand up, get his rifle and put his webbing on.

I went down on my knees. "Let me see your dick," I ordered. Pain was now standing over me wearing his cams and webbing, his rifle in one hand and cock in the other. What a bonus — it was nice and thick, just like him. His cock tasted of a good day's sweat, but then I hadn't had a cock in my mouth for some time, so I didn't care. I'm rather proud of my cock-sucking prowess. I had him almost passing out with pleasure as I took his straining pistol deep down my throat.

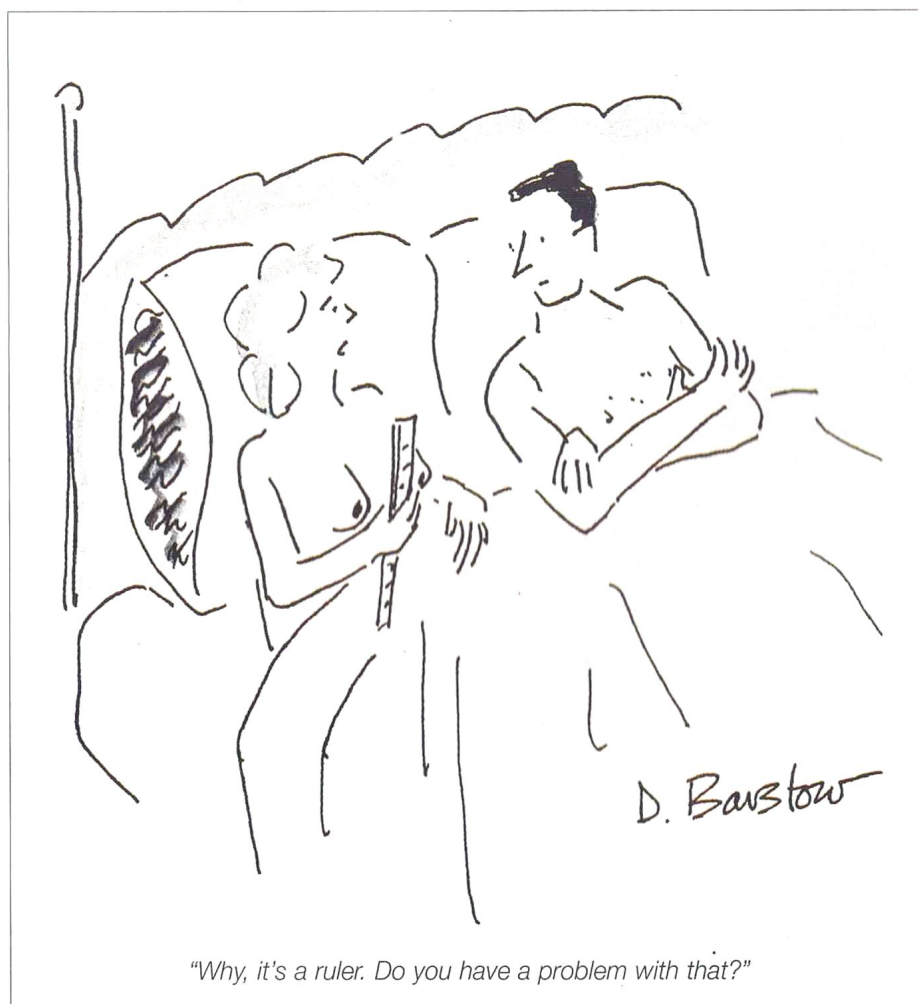
This is just what I needed. I was under so much stress on my first deployment, this felt so freeing being naked in my room with a thick cock pushing past my tonsils. I came back to reality as the taste of pre-come flooded my mouth. No way, I thought, and withdrew immediately — then turned onto all fours.

Pain knelt down and placed his styre between my legs and I felt the cold steel of the rifle's telescopic sight along the length of my pussy lips. It felt wonderful

and it drove me completely wild. "Fuck my arse, Pain, now!"

His finger was terrific but his thick cock stretching the membranes of my arse open was complete heaven. Slowly it impaled me and I was going dizzy with pleasure. I was so wet; with each thrust the full length of his thick cock was pounding my arse. His balls were knocking against my cheeks and the cold steel of the rifle sights was rubbing my clitoris, which was starting to hurt, but fuck it felt good. Pain started to moan in pre-orgasmic bliss so I pulled away and turned around just in time to catch the first spray of jism in my eager mouth. I quickly plunged onto his cock and copped another giant blast deep into my mouth. What a payload — evidently he never finished the wank he was having earlier.

I stood up and let him cup my tits for the first time. His fingers rolled my nipples and it sent tingles up my spine. He whispered, "Thank you" in my ear, then I gave him a big kiss. His look of contentment changed immediately to that



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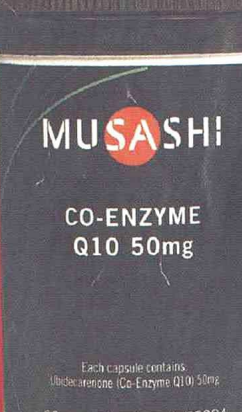
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wife give the same pleasure to another man that I had been previously the sole benefactor of receiving, but she had been able to overcome the size of Stuart's monster cock to complete the feat.

While that had been going on I had almost been completely oblivious to the fact that Sharon was standing next to me in the water fingering her wet pussy while watching her husband get a blowjob. When we saw Stuart come we hugged each other and started kissing, her tongue entangling with mine. She said, "Ever since I told Kathy how big Stuart's cock is she has been wanting to fuck him. And watching that has made me so hot that I need to be fucked right now."

I reached down and lifted Sharon up to me. She wrapped her legs around my waist and then guided my rigid cock into her hot cunt. As we fucked in the water I looked up to the beach to see Kathy lowering herself down onto Stuart's cock. The sound of her moaning in pleasure as she impaled herself on his massive sword was too much for us both and we bucked

and ground our pubic bones together. I pumped my load of steaming hot come into her velvet love canal. She cried out and shook as an orgasm rocked her.

Kathy and Stuart continued to fuck on the beach. He was pounding his huge love club into my wife's wet and cock-hungry cunt. Kathy cried out as orgasm after orgasm shook her. I wondered if I was ever going to be able to satisfy her again after the pounding she was receiving. Even though I was somewhat jealous I was happy that she was enjoying herself.

We all fucked on the beach for the next couple of hours. As dawn's light broke we gathered our clothes and pledged to do it again sometime. Unfortunately the occasion has not yet arisen. — *Name and address withheld*

A Bed-Wetting Tale

I had thrown the pillows to the floorboards, looking for a cool spot to rest my sweltering head upon the sheets of my futon, flopped my arms out to the edges of the bed and spread my legs wide. The dwarf-

sized fan situated at the foot of my bed gave small grace to my sweaty thighs and damp pussy as my mind burned with light and sound.

I had been here before, in the heat of summer, listening to the steady, relentless jungle beats of the music coming from the apartment next door. It was the power pump keeping me alive as it kept pace with the beating of my heart.

I closed my eyes and the vibrations behind the bass brought flashes of colour, the drumbeats remaining at a constant with my pounding heart.

A new noise emerged — a faint moan. A woman sighing breathlessly behind the music, behind my wall, turning my closed vision white and alert. Then the sudden cracking, smacking, slashing sounds of a whip caused deep indigo flashes across my mind's eye. So promising. So beautifully violent. I envisioned the whip to be long and thick, made of soft leather, with a dramatic crest ornating the handle.

Reaching above my head, I alternated my moist hands, placing each one upon the cool wall. Then tracing chilled lines over my breasts, pinched my large mahogany nipples to rigid erection. One icy hand and then the other created goosebumps over my steaming flesh as they roamed aimlessly around the curves of my body.

The cracking of the whip was ruthless. The woman's submissive moans were escaping her lips unceremoniously and each flash of light was directing my fingers towards my excited clitoris. I squeezed my little knob lightly between two fingers on my right hand until the next kiss of the whip crossed the woman's arse, driving my hand up and down, slapping my inner thigh with an unknown strength. I smacked myself repeatedly while my other hand kneaded my enlarged clit and brought juice from my seeping cavern, up and around in erratic circles. My thighs turned from bright, smouldering pink to deep, agonising scarlet with white blotches.

Capacious muscles gripped my fingers as I plunged deeply, scooping and frantically fucking myself. As my hands took on a life of their own, being led by the music and the cracking of my neighbour's switch, my legs dropped outwards over the bed and began to shake involuntarily, escalating into a full bodied, frenzied orgasm. At the point of no return I clenched my throbbing flesh,



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bringing my knees up high and wide, spurting hot liquid across my clean sheets. I opened my eyes. My ravaged body perspired and I massaged slick come into my slippery mound and over my thighs.

The man next door ceased his wielding and all was quiet, except for our mingled, heavy breaths, as he changed the CD. I wondered if they had caught the careless cries of my pleasure. Now the music was funky up with a fat, rolling bass and I imagined him strutting his stuff as he stripped off his conservative clothing, releasing his mambo hardness. I had passed him in the halls and had always taken note of the huge bulge in his tailored trousers. To look at his smooth face and clean-cut facade, one would never speculate of his extra-curricular activities.

There was a loud thud against the wall and the woman gasped and let out an exhilarating howl. More thuds, keeping time with the booming music. Getting up on my knees, I placed my hands upon the wall where I estimated her hands to be — bound and above my head. My

sweating body collapsed into the frigid plaster and I felt her torso hammering on the other side as he drove his rod into her inviting valise from behind. She was between us. I closed my eyes, hearing their grunts of exertion, feeling the thrusts of their fucking.

I fumbled about in my bedside drawer for my vibrator, turning the speed down low to match the subterranean bass of the music, and immersed its shiny length into my pounding well. Oh yeah! This was ecstasy. The grunts and thuds, the walls trembling, the woman's moans, her gasps, my hips thrusting, gyrating around the reverberating metal, growing more desperate and deliciously fierce.

I visualised crimson smudges of lipstick smeared on white, her briny perspiration seeping through the walls and running down my voluptuous breasts. I felt her piquant cream spuming over his cock and into me, over my belly and tender thighs, saturating the boundary between us. She was blustering and begging for him to fuck her — fuck her harder. He

did, his mammoth prick pummelling into her sweet pussy and his hips grinding into the raw welts on her arse. My neighbour's deep, guttural voice intensified as his spunk pumped furiously into our divided, hungry cunts and his bulk crushed hers into mine. We shuddered against each other as our exhausted, swollen chasms apprehended and drained and flooded and, and... Oh, I wet my bed. — *Name and address withheld*

Lucky Absence

Brooke was a luscious 20-year-old business student who lived in the unit below mine. A tall brunette, her taste in dress ran to miniskirts and snug-fitting tops — a combination that revealed gorgeous legs and full, pointed breasts. I got to know her slightly through casual conversations at the bus stop. I had told her with perfect sincerity that she was one of the loveliest girls I ever saw.

She was, unfortunately, "taken". She lived with her boyfriend Shaun. I didn't know him too well, but I did know that

every few weeks Shaun spent the weekend with his parents who lived on the land about 60km west of Brisbane. Brooke showed signs that she was pretty broadminded, openly discussing sex at times, and one day she told me that she was attending bellydance classes.

Brisbane was in the middle of a killer heatwave. I keep the door of my unit open sometimes. I was standing there naked, when I became aware of someone standing in the doorway. It was Brooke. I covered up quickly and said I hoped she wasn't offended by male nudity. She said she wasn't.

A few nights later, she told me Shaun's father had been hospitalised due to a tractor accident; his mother was nervous on her own and he wouldn't be back for at least three days. Brooke asked if I'd like to come down to her unit "to see some photos". I asked if she was going to bellydance for me. To my surprise, she laughed and said she might.

It was obvious that this wasn't going to be a photo evening. Brooke was wearing a silky jacket that reached just below her crotch. It had no buttons, only a sash around the waist. I could see there was nothing under the jacket except Brooke. After a few drinks, she put a cassette on the stereo. It was typical bellydance music — throbbing, sensual drumming. Then she flung off her jacket and, completely nude, turned on the most exciting erotic dance routine I've ever seen. It was simply fucking set to music!

I stripped soon after her dance began. Brooke had already seen my slack cock — now her exquisite face lit up with pleasure when she glimpsed my rock-hard seven-inch shaft. When this delectable female lay on the bed, I got her to put two firm pillows under her backside. Meanwhile, I began feasting on her beautiful ears, throat, shoulders and arms, chewing her soft femininity with my lips, tongue-kissing her savagely until both our faces were wet with saliva.

My mouth, hungrier than ever, closed on her perfect breasts, licking, chewing and sucking. Soon her nipples, firm and prominent at any time, became erect and hard as rubber. She was gasping, sobbing, pleading for a fuck.

What I call the "scissors" position isn't even shown in some sex books, but for female orgasm it's a beauty. I asked Brooke to open her exquisite thighs as

wide as they'd go, then to bring her lower legs up towards her backside and press the soles of her feet together. This position gives the man a beautifully deep penetration, and with the woman's pelvis tilted high up, he thrusts against the front wall of her vagina and her clit.

I teased her first for a few minutes, gently stroking the head of my shaft on her outer lips and folds. Then I slowly eased into her soft, wet, velvety pussy. I wanted my pleasure to last as long as possible; but with a girl as beautiful as Brooke, holding back is difficult. I was soon in a frenzy, angling my lunges first against one side of her meat, then against the other side. She was matching my rapture gasp for gasp, thrust for thrust. Her lovely soft belly jerked and heaved with my own furious rhythm. Soon she screamed loudly in orgasm.

I'd relieved myself earlier in the day which was why I was able to give gorgeous Brooke the longest-lasting fuck I've ever had. Supported on my outstretched arms and with Brooke's legs now locked around

my lower back, I was still thrusting madly when she had enjoyed three orgasms. At last, half delirious with pleasure but exhausted, I climaxed with a terrific shout.

I had never performed oral before, but Brooke persuaded me to give it a try. She was freshly shaven and had a beautifully neat, inviting pussy. I doubled over both pillows, put them under my head, and Brooke, kneeling, spread her superb, tanned thighs over my face. She pressed her gash down hard on me, working it back and forth while I licked her inner lips and clit. Her warm sex juices covered my face. My nose and mouth were so deeply inside her that I was having trouble breathing, but I gave her at least one sensational orgasm before she released me.

Shaun's father must have been injured pretty seriously. His son did not return to Brisbane for a week. In a way, I was glad to see him return. It would have been hard to keep up with Brooke for very long. She was such a siren. — *Name and address withheld* 

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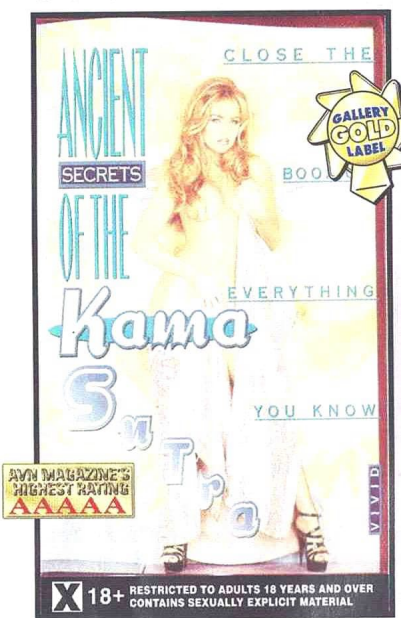
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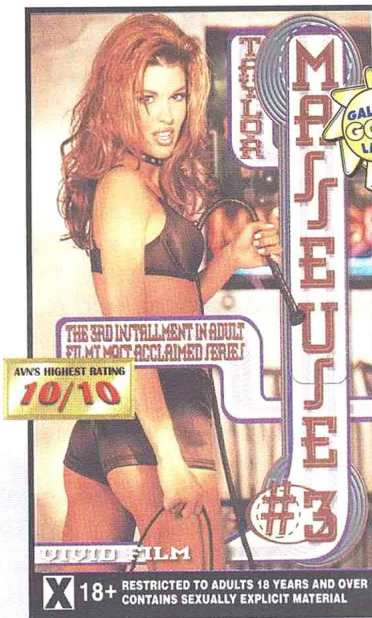
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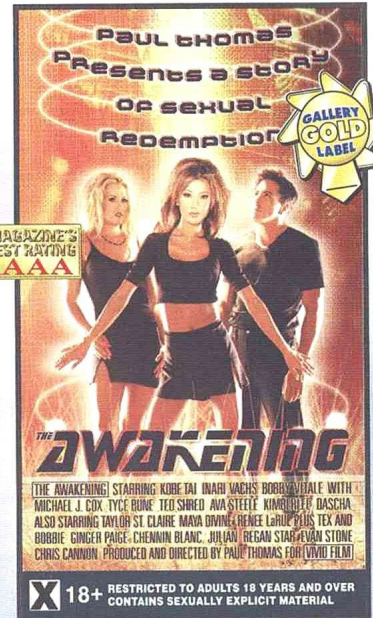
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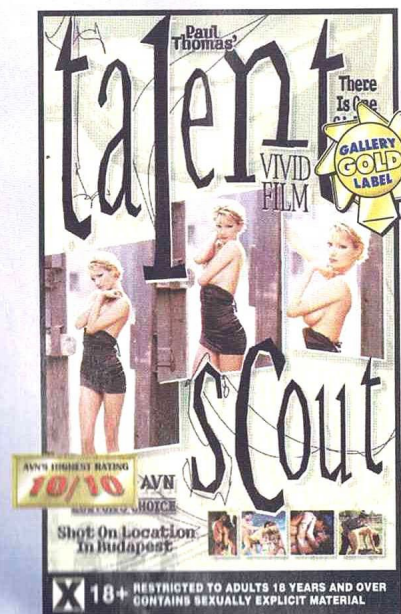
50-3155 The Ancient Secrets Of The Kama Sutra. (T98/492). 'Ancient Secrets...' follows the life of two lovers, Dyanna Lauren and Vince Voyeur, looking for that something extra to spice up their sex life. Whilst visiting their local library they come upon a book that whisks them back in time and they're treated to an outdoor sex marathon. See Tatiana servicing TT Boy and John West. She looks absolutely stunning as she begins an arousing performance which has some creative camera work that captures the action perfectly. Stephanie Swift (named Best Female Performer of 1998), features in a steamy group scene. Filmed at night, the action has an eroticism rarely seen in the adult movie world. With fantastic locations, stunning costumes and notable editing. Featuring Dyanna Lauren, Stephanie Swift, Felecia, Tatiana, Jeanna Fine, Vince Voyeur, Peter North and more. 86 mins. \$50



50-3263 Masseuse 3 (1011482E751F). Possibly Vivid's most erotic offering to date! American critics have already claimed 'Masseuse 3' to feature some of the finest acting performances that you will ever see in a porno movie! James Bonn has an extreme obsession with a college student, played by the stunning Taylor Hayes. She is quick to take advantage of the deluded guy, and has him clean her apartment and carry out the house chores! She soon becomes spooked as she realises that he has been sneaking around her apartment, watching her sexual conquests, in particular, an animalistic 3-way with Mr Marcus and Billy Glide! All nine sex scenes will bring you to the boil, and each helps the story to evolve to its natural ending. Add this to your collection. With Taylor Hayes, Jenteal, Chloe, Katie Gold, Leanni Leigh, Melissa Hill, Tia Bella, Billy Glide, James Bonn and more. 131 mins. \$50



50-3464 The Awakening (73073200). New 'industry buzz' performer, Inari Vachs, delivers a stunning performance as the sexually confused starlet, as does Kobe Tai as her ex-junkie singer friend. Inari performs in two anal scenes, one with Michael J Cox and the other with Bobby Vitale. There are two group scenes, the first featuring Vitale with Dascha, Taylor St Clair and Kimberlee, in a stylised four-way art-deco scene. Additionally, Kobe's mini gang bang scene at the end of the film is the nastiest scene she has ever appeared in. 'The Awakening' should be highly commended for its intelligent script by David Stanley and the usual fine production values you'd expect to find in a Paul Thomas movie are present; excellent editing, first class cinematography and art direction. Cast: Inari Vachs, Kobe Tai, Ava Steele, Kimberlee, Dascha, Ted Schred, Bobby Vitale and more. 95 mins. \$50



50-3402 Talent Scout (1021204E9718). Shot on location in and around Budapest, 'Talent Scout' is the story of an American agent, played by Bobby Vitale, who arrives in Hungary with the aim of setting up some screen tests. With beautiful women, lush locations and high-end production values, this is one of the best movies we could find. Recommended highlights are the sexual performances by Eva Braun and Eva Black, as well as the gorgeous Olga Rios. In particular, we recommend her scene with hung porn-stud Julian. It combines great oral skills, tease and sumptuous hardcore. Clean editing, minimal music and a distinct foreign flavour. A top notch production and highly erotic. Cast: Olga Rios, Eva Braun, Sylvia, Julia, Eva Black, Eva Blonde, Cindee, Julian, David Perry, Kareem, Bobby Vitale, Rhinehart Goebel and Frank Gunn. 104 mins. \$50



50-3437 Bodyslammin' Shake and Tumble (450E0032). Porn for the new millennium. 'Action' porn, with snappy graphics, special effects, an up to date soundtrack and of course plenty of hot girls! Twelve of them in fact. A true technical and sexual triumph! Skydiving, jet skiing, a motorcycle rally and a multitude of computer-generated post-production wizardry, provide rapid-fire edits accompanied by a thumping rock and techno soundtrack. The action is quick and swift and before you know it a number of top quality sex scenes are spilling over the screen. This volume also won an Award for 'Best Editing' Cast: Anita Dark, Sid Deuce, Katie Gold, Jessie James, Candy Hill, Phyllisha Anna, Alice, Dakota, Holly Body, Alex Sanders, Alex Metro, Steve Hatcher and more. Director: Alex Sanders. 128 mins. \$50



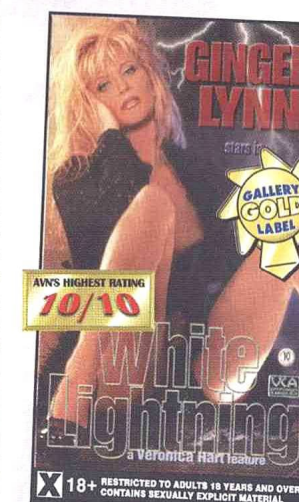
50-3446 Bodyslammin' 2: Down and Dirty (45254108). Director and performer Alex Sanders has managed to incorporate another diverse collection of action fuck scenes including full-contact bungee jumping and the Pomona Car Rally. The footage is brilliantly mixed in with some fine computer animation sequences, and this collective production has taken the gonzo genre to an exciting new mainstream level. Missy is taken back to Sanders digs, where he drives her into his mattress and does some jumping down the vixens own bungee hole! Much straight, anal, lesbian and group sex action! Cast: Missy, Malitia, Sylvia, Christgen Wolfe, Reka, Nikki Anderson, Temptress, Alex Sanders, Mark Davis and many more. 128 mins. \$50



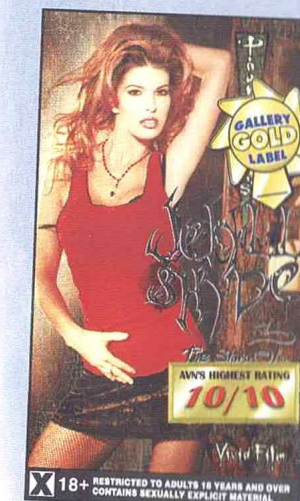
50-3451 Seven Deadly Sins (443F2220). With this stunning fantasy-laden fable based thematically around the seven deadly sins, Ren Savant has crafted a fascinating, genuinely inspiring and entertaining movie, that should appeal to movie buffs and fans of adult erotica. Essentially, Seven Deadly Sins is a series of erotic vignettes, each depicting a sexual morality reflecting on one of the sins. In 'Envy', the first and possibly the strongest scene, lesbian Vivid girl Janine gives the finest acting of her career to date, whilst portraying herself and an obsessive fan infatuated with Vivid's sapphic icon. She performs a particularly biting effort when the 'fan' snaps and systematically destroys her own Janine alter. This fantastic scene climaxes with Janine having sex with herself. The effect is so well realised, with fellow Vivid girl Julia Ann utilised as a faceless body double to give the appearance of two Janine's present. 'Lust' sees Candy Hill fantasising incessantly about everyone she ever meets, which results in a nasty gangbang scene, where the use of a melon is superbly carried out. 'Gluttony' is shot like an upscale Andrew Blake film, but quickly degenerates into a messy lesbian three-way with the use of toys and food. Cast: Janine, Veronica, Jewel Vamont, Julia Ann, Rhiannon, Candy Hill, Alexandra Silk, Lola, Steve Taylor, James Bonn, Michael J Cox, Ian Daniels, Kyle Stone and more. 114 mins. \$50



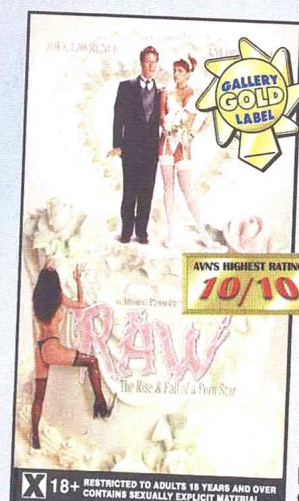
55-5034 Artemesia (611C7271). Paul Thomas has produced yet another fine work of art, a beautifully endowed film about fine art and the pursuit thereof in the Middle Ages. Raylene, as the title character is a stunning and noble in this on-the-money artists and models period extravaganza whose visuals are mind bogglingly sensual. But the real attraction here is the nudity and wild nookie, such as when Chandler and her brunette accomplice nail Alana in a raunchy love session. Those of the Sapphic persuasion will, likewise, thoroughly enjoy Raylene's moaning and groaning bathtub game of hide ye olde dildo with servant girl Blair. When not discovering the physical needs of the hired help, Raylene's a would-be artist who nags her father, a master with a thriving school, to teach her a few tricks of the trade. 'Artemesia' surely lands a place as one of the year's top films. Cast: Raylene, Blair, Vivian Valentine, Lola, Cherry, Tasha Hunter, Nina, Alana Julian, Bob Vitale, Mr. Marcus, Devin Wolf and Chris Cannon. 95 mins. \$55.00



55-3572 White Lightning (56176227). Ginger Lynn is BACK! 'White Lightning' is a film noir with some hot sex scenes thrown in that miraculously fits in rather well with the David Lynch inspired plot. The chronologically-jumbled presentation takes its influence from last years mainstream film 'Go', though it could just as easily be said to mirror Brian DePalma's 'Snake Eyes'. But the hint here is to follow the money (even if the plot does get a bit confusing). If not just follow the sex, and what hot rogering scenes there are in this



55-5022 Jekyll & Hyde (4037406A). Vivid's sexy version of this timeless terror tale! When a scientist uses an experimental potion on himself, he gets more than he bargained for, as does his daughter - the lovely Taylor Hayes! She comes home to investigate her father's mysterious death and uses the potion as well. Like daddy dearest, she too suffers from an identity crisis, changing personalities from sweet innocent Molly one minute to fuck happy Flora the next. The plot is rather complex but the sex is amazing. In one excellent scene we see a call girl, Kate Moore who thrives on flicking dicks with her tongue while drolling out blow jobs. As you will see, the well toned, small titted brunette also enjoys riding the cocks of her "clients" for all she's worth. Another highlight is the flashback scene of Mr Jekyll, where every type of sex imaginable unfolds, including oral, digital, clitoral, anal, straight, lesbian and bondage. Cast: Taylor Hayes, Kate Moore, Genevieve, Alotta, Daniella, Judyh, Fernanda, Leslie Taylor, Bob Vitale, Julian, Kollinger Horst and more. 89 mins. \$55.00



55-3552 RAW (713E7314). A movie with enough sex appeal to keep the interest of your average single stroker and loving couples alike. This story catalogues the rise and fall of a male porn actor (Joel Lawrence), starting with his first on-screen appearance as an extra to his final scene. Bride to be, Kylie Ireland, is busy planning her impending wedding, and is unaware of her husband to be's work as an "extra". And before you know it, he's soon gracing the cover of many a video slick! This porn movie is about as good as it gets. Cast: Kylie Ireland, Jessica Jewel, Keisha, Anita Cannibal, Syren, Midori, Donita Dunes, Joel Lawrence, Kyle Stone, Evan Stone. Also features Stacey Valentine in a non-sex role. Director: Antonio Passolini. From VCA. 140 mins. \$55.00



55-3523 Taboo Of Tarot (5134103C). With its inspired visuals and sense of authenticity, Taboo of Tarot is a product of unstinting passion characterized by a flamboyant music score and outstanding production values that brings to mind some of the exotic Middle Eastern themes to be tasted in the recent mainstream film 8mm. As the storyline goes, even tarot readers have their groupies, which gets Jessica Drake and Chandler up to their beautiful esoterica in their search for clues to the disappearance of a psychic (played by Nikki Anderson). Cast: Jessica Drake, Nikki Anderson, Chandler, Mariah, Envy, Kianna Bradley, Vivi Anne, Mark Davis, Evan Stone, Dale Dabone, Jon Dough, Randy Spears. Director: Nicholas Steele. 90 mins. \$55.00

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STRAPPING BEAUTY

Cassandra will try anything once so when asked to be strapped up for a sexy photoshoot for *Penthouse*, it was an offer too good to refuse. And when she sees the build of the male assistant, she is even more glad she said yes.

Indeed, it isn't long into the shoot that both guys are naked and the fun really begins. It seems so simple. They stand just far enough away from her

that she can reach them by bouncing in the harness between them. Taking each cock into her mouth in turn she sucks them to hardness.

When they've had enough of her teasing and they're ready for some serious shagging, they stand on either side of her, one at the front and one at the rear. From then on, it is access all areas.

Now this is one fun park we'd all like to visit. 

Photography by Jules Bart











forum

As this reader found out, sometimes the best lessons you will learn at school are not on the syllabus.

Learning Curves

Italian was always a drag for me — difficult vocabulary exercises, lessons in pronunciation and these “Avanti” books that read more like a dictionary. When our old teacher Mr Barbato left us at the end of year 11, I thought things were only going to get worse.

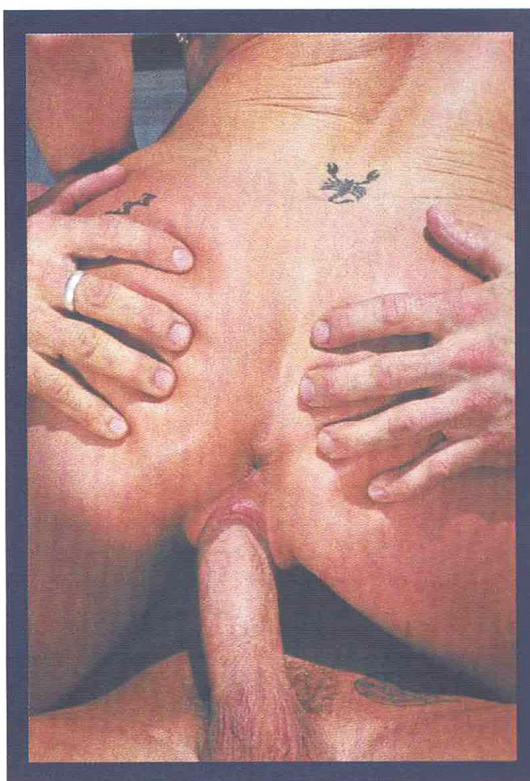
I had no idea that my feelings about one subject could change so suddenly. Nothing could have prepared me for our new Year 12 teacher — from the moment she walked in the door on day one. I soon realised that there was more than just the blackboard to look at in Italian. The object of my gaze became Ms Harris.

Striding around in front of us, it wasn't hard to see that this buxom brunette was acquiring plenty of followers in our class of 17 and 18-year-old boys. In fact looking back on the whole experience, I think the best thing about her was that she actually knew we were all blatantly perving — yet didn't mind at all.

She'd come to class in these white silk blouses which hugged her chest fantastically. That, coupled with a lacey white bra meant the view from the front row had never been more spectacular. I can remember one particular pose, her arms behind her back, hands resting on top of her arse, chest proudly out — right after she had addressed the class: “But what's the doing word boys,” she'd say in a teasing European accent.

As she spoke to the class I'd be staring straight through her slightly open top, practically drooling, as her succulent tit moved slightly in time with her breathing. From time to time she'd catch me looking — and she'd just smile and I'd smile back sheepishly and then look away.

It all began when I saw her heading back up the stairwell into the staffroom after lunchtime, right before our HSC. She had on the customary blouse, but with a tight red skirt and red high-heeled shoes. The skirt revealed a very well-rounded arse, which looked just heavenly from my view at the bottom of the stairwell. “Miss,” I screamed out, instinctively, just wanting



As I fingered her I undid the buttons on her blouse. I removed her bra, leaving her firm breasts exposed as she writhed around topless on the chair while I played with her.

a chat. She turned around at the top of the stairs and smiled when she realised it was me.

“What's wrong Patrick?”

“Oh, I was just struggling with the homework that's all.”

She looked a little surprised that I'd even bothered to look at it before the end of the day, but started heading back down the stairs nonetheless.

“You've started it? Well that's very impressive. Okay, well look — when's your next study period?”

I pulled out my timetable to check and as I did so Ms Harris slipped around behind me and over my right shoulder, started turning pages with her right hand. At that point I felt her breasts pressing firmly into my back. “There we go, you're free last period. Seeing you're being so studious, why don't you come by the classroom and we can run through it together.” She then looked at me cheekily, surely aware that I wouldn't have looked at tonight's homework.

For the rest of the afternoon I was worried, but when I got to the classroom all my fear vanished as I entered. Ms Harris was sitting in front of the blackboard on a stool, reading a book. When she saw me she put the book down, turned back and asked me to sit down. I did exactly that, seating myself at

my spot in the front row.

She slowly walked over to the door and closed it, discreetly locking it. She then walked back and wandered around behind me. “Have you had a look at the homework, Patrick?” she asked.

“Ummm — no Miss, I haven't actually.” I reached down hurriedly for my bag on the ground to get out my books but the sound of Ms Harris giggling made me stop suddenly. By this time she had moved around to the front of my desk and was leaning over, revealing so much cleavage that I easily saw the cups of her white lacey bra. She smiled and responded in a soothing voice, “Well do you want to do it with me now?”

Before I'd had a chance to even respond she dragged the desk away from me and I was left sitting there.

With a wide grin she then dropped to her knees and slowly unzipped my fly — the whole time staring straight at me — enjoying my reaction. I was so shocked that I actually forgot to breathe! She slowly moved her right hand through the

opening in my boxer shorts and grabbed my member. Delicately she brought my shaft forward, and started moving her hands up and down until it stood proudly out of my unzipped pants. She discreetly spat on her hand and spread her saliva all over — the sensation was overwhelming as she pleased me, forcing her left hand up my shirt and rubbing my chest. As she made tiny circles with her fingers on the head, I leaned forward and rubbed my fingers all over her large lips. She loved it — and soon was sucking in my fingers like they were my shaft itself.

Within seconds she flicked her dark hair back over her shoulder and went down to wrap those luscious lips around me. She didn't go slowly, and I was in seventh heaven. Ten or so quick bobs of her head later, I was way too close to coming. This woman was amazing. I abruptly pulled her away and she looked longingly at me. “What's wrong Patrick?” she asked, slowly licking my juices from her lips. “Nothing Miss,” I replied.

It was like she knew exactly what I

was thinking. Sitting herself down comfortably on the chair, she leant right back into the wooden seat and pushed her hips forward, slowly spreading her legs as I simultaneously hitched up her dress to thigh height. As I kissed the inside of her juicy legs I caught a glimpse of a white G-string, glistening with wetness. I couldn't wait to get my hands down there — and quickly went straight for it. As I rubbed the softness between her legs with two fingers she moaned loudly and arched over the back of the chair. “Quiet Miss, quiet,” I urged her. “Oh God yes Patrick — just keep doing that!”

Clearly she didn't care about being caught, which slightly worried me. I soon pushed her G-string to one side and easily inserted two fingers straight into her throbbing cavern. As I fingered her I undid the buttons on her blouse and told her to move forward. I removed her bra, leaving her firm breasts exposed as she writhed around topless on the chair.

As she came closer to coming Miss Harris began whining for my manhood

again. So, I let her have it — but not before I'd stood her up and bent her over the chair. As I bent her over and pulled up that red dress all the way to reveal her amazing arse, I had to remind myself that this actually was happening. Slowly rubbing the head of my rod up and down her moist lips, she started to become quite shaky on her high heels. It was then that I slowly entered as deeply as I could into her pouch. Her warmth spread through my entire body and she shuddered all over. I grabbed her large breasts from behind, playing with her erect nipples as this very horny female tried to stick her arse cheeks further and further into my pelvis. When she finally came she went berserk, bending right over and touching the ground as her body went into spasms — with me still rock-hard inside of her. I didn't hold for long though, pulling out when her orgasm had subsided to spray my load. She moaned in the excitement.

“Don't mention this to anyone,” she said. It was too hard too keep that promise! — Name and address withheld O—



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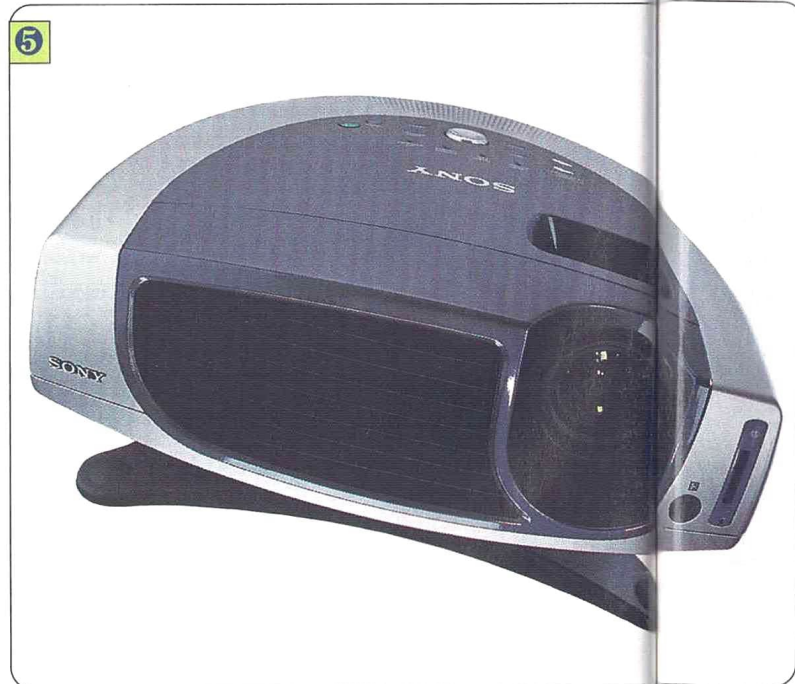
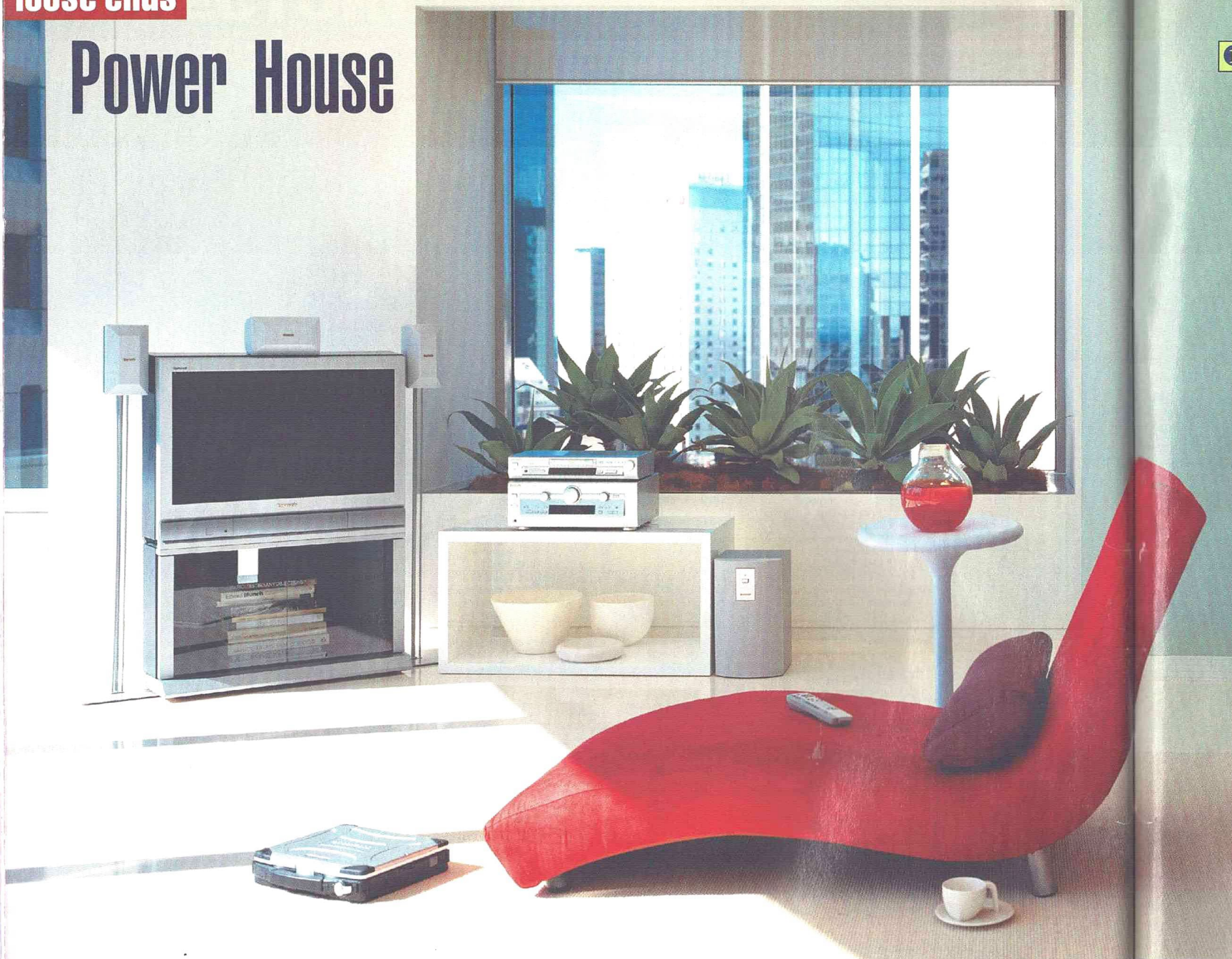
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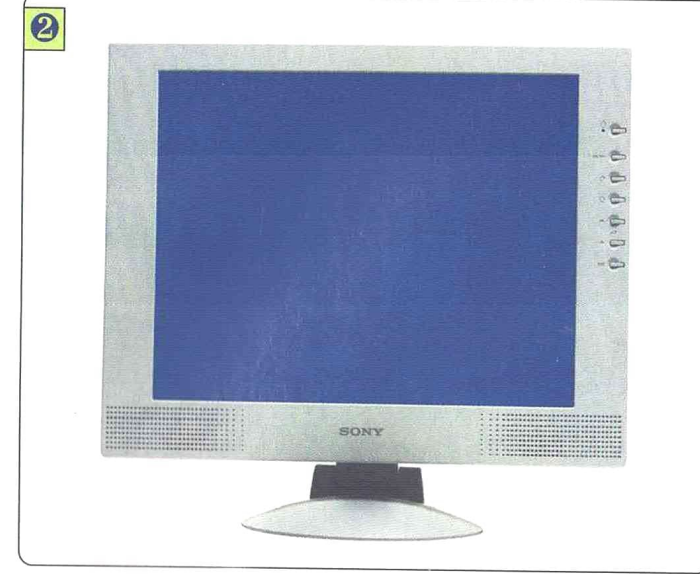
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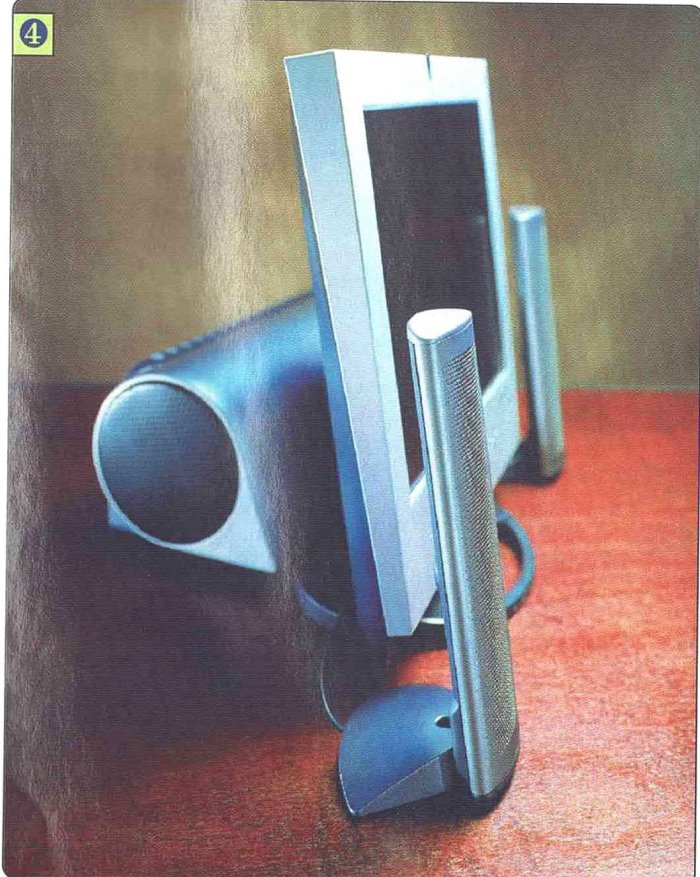
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2 LCD Flat Panel Display

Get rid of clunky, power-hungry CRT monitors forever. Sleek, sexy and lightweight, Sony's 15-inch LCD Flat Panel Display presents bright and sharp images at resolutions up to 1024 x 768 @ 75Hz. The removable tilt base provides optional arm or wall mounting capability and it's anti-theft lockable. RRP \$1999. Visit www.sony.com.au for more info or call 1300 137 669.

3 1-Bit Digital Audio System

Without getting bogged down in technical mumbo-jumbo, 1-Bit digital audio technology is as good as it gets, delivering the best sound reproduction possible. The SD-NX10W system, with its built-in 1-Bit digital amp, produces high resolution sound with 2.8MHz ultra high-speed sampling. Slim and stylish, it enhances any space or environment. For more info call Sharp on 1300 135 530 or check out www.sharp.net.au/1-bit.

4 Multimedia S150 Speakers

TDK Tremor flat-panel speakers feature revolutionary NXT-designed drivers that emanate sound in all directions, delivering a huge sonic "sweet spot". The subwoofers feature a Force Pipe design that produces powerful, tightly controlled bass. No matter where you are in the room, a Tremor system sounds great. Priced at \$249. Call TDK on (02) 8437 0666 or visit www.tdk.com.au.

5 Home Cinema Projector

Ever dreamed of enjoying a cinema experience from the comfort of your bed? Now you can, thanks to Sony's new Cineza video projector, which lets you indulge in wall-sized entertainment for only \$5995. Ultimately portable, the Cineza will even hook up to your PC or Playstation 2. For more info call 1300 137 669 or www.sony.com.au.

6 DVD Dream System

A star performer in Sony's hot new Dream System line-up, the DAVS800 provides full DVD-Video/CD performance with Super Audio CD, a high-res music format. The five satellite speakers are ultra-slim but pack quite a punch. Like all Sony products, it has plenty of style but doesn't skimp on substance. RRP \$2099. Visit www.sony.com.au for more info or call 1300 137 669.

1 Oz Rock CD Collection

Spinning Around, a series of CDs packed with digitally remastered Aussie legends, was released to coincide with an exhibition that celebrates 50 years of Festival Records, Oz's best-known independent record company. Volume One features over 50 tracks from 1952 to 1977. Volume Two covers the next 25 years and contains over 40 tracks from Festival's most successful artists, plus newcomers like Gerling and Lash. To win one of 15 copies of the Double CD collection (RRP \$30), tell us who sings the title track *Spinning Around*. Sydneysiders can catch the exhibition at the Powerhouse Museum until July 28, 2002. Call (02) 9217 0444 for info.

2 BeefEater Balcony Barbecue

One of the true joys of being an Aussie bloke is the sacred summer ritual of slaving over a bunch of sizzling, juicy, burnt-to-buggery bangers. Nothing beats it, but just because you don't live in a five-acre suburban palace doesn't mean you should go without. So BeefEater created the top-of-the-range Balcony Barbecue — perfect for small entertaining areas — with two burners, a roasting hood and optional side burner. To win a BeefEater Balcony Two-Burner Barbecue valued at \$899, tell us which 1986 hit movie came up with the saying "shrimp on the barbie". For info on Aussie-made BeefEater Barbecues including stockists, call 1800 356 660 or visit the website at www.beefeaterbbq.com.

3 Save Your Skin

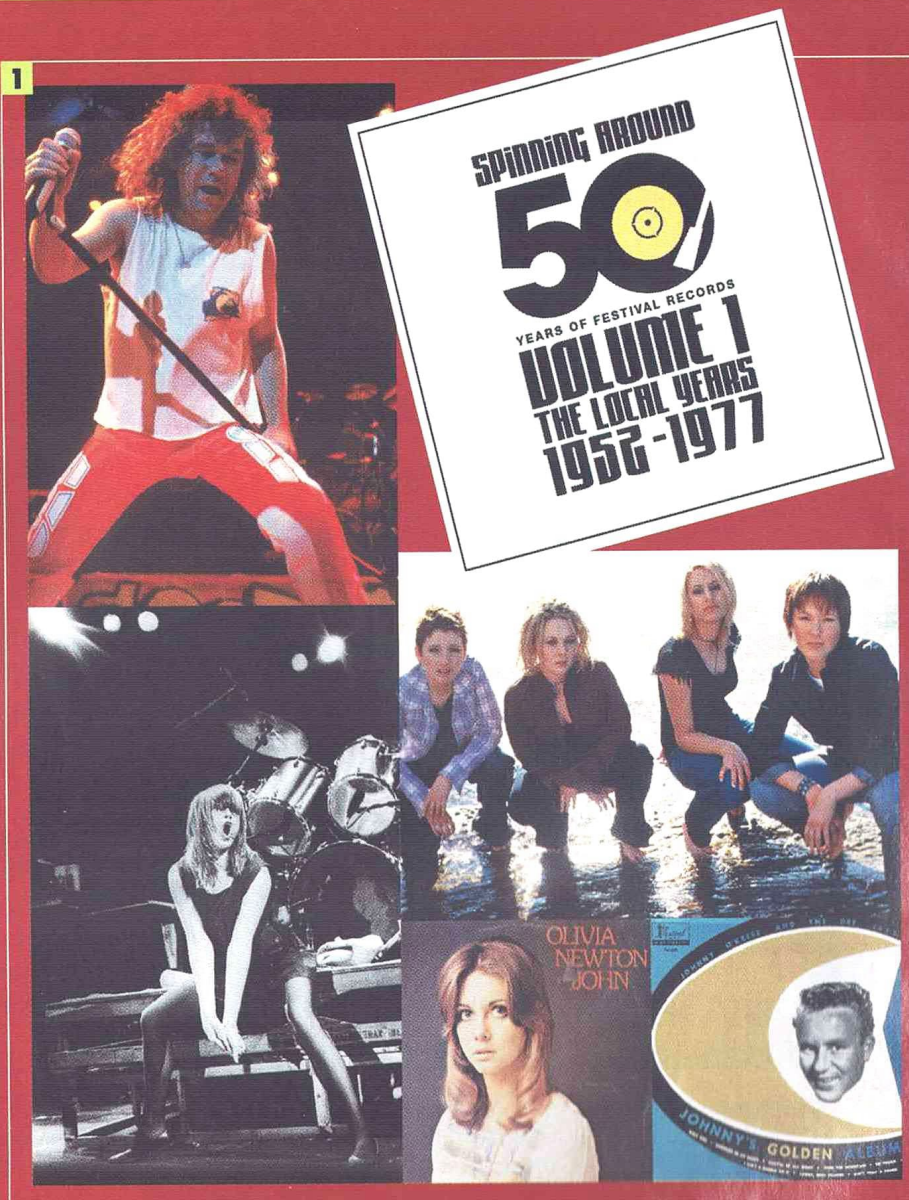
Guinot, one of France's leading salon only skincare ranges, has created a new range entirely for men. *Tres Homme* takes into account the daily aggravation we inflict on our skin, like shaving. Male skin is more delicate, thicker, oilier and ages differently, so Guinot products have adapted to its nature, providing results you can see, without overpowering fragrances. The pack includes Moisturising and Soothing Aftershave Balm and soap-free Facial Cleansing Foam. To win one of four packs worth over \$100 each, tell us which country Guinot is from. For your nearest Guinot stockist, free call 1300 300 954. For further info, visit www.guinot.com.au.

4 Coastal Getaway for Two

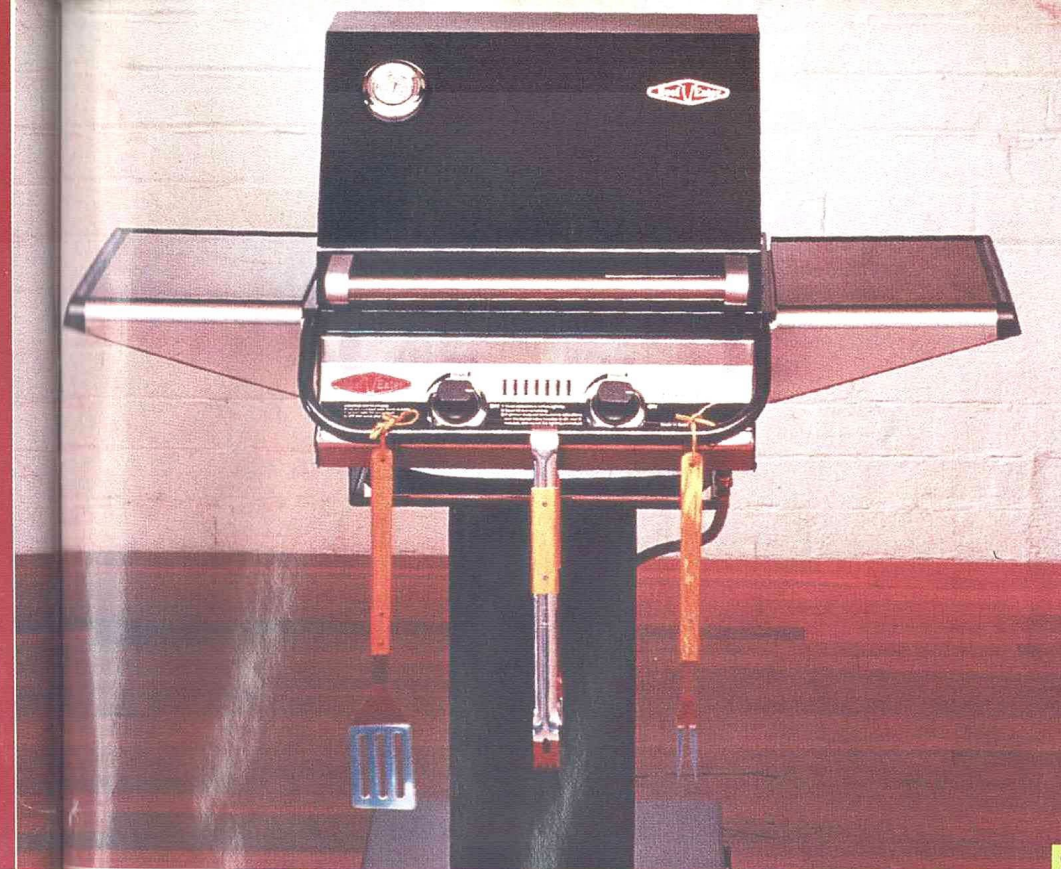
NSW beach lovers — want to head for the coast this summer without flight hassles, blown budgets or five-hour drives? Then try a great getaway that's just over two hours' drive from Sydney CBD. Noah's On the Beach offers the perfect escape, overlooking beautiful Newcastle Beach. Combine it with day trips to the Hunter Valley, Port Stephens or the Stockton Bight National Park. Single nights from only \$69 a person double or twin-share. To win a two-night package for two (for NSW residents only), tell us why you deserve a getaway. Noah's On the Beach, Shortland Esplanade and Zaara Street, Newcastle, NSW. For bookings call 1800 023 663.

5 Prosync Men's Range

The folks at Nu Skin, the top quality brand from the US, understand how tough it is being a bloke. They know we love getting hot, dirty and sweaty, and they know that at some point, we're going to stink to high heaven as a result. That's why Nu Skin created Prosync — heavy-duty products designed for go-hard blokes like us. The packs, valued at \$85, include Anti-Bacterial Deodorant, Anti-Bacterial soap free bar, Face & Body Recovery Lotion and Hair and Body Shampoo. To win one of five packs, just tell us what activity makes you stink. Order online at www.nuskin.com or call 1800 063 808 for your nearest stockist.



To be in the running for a prize, send your name, address and answer by email to penthouse-giveaways@gemkilt.com.au, or on the back of an envelope to Top Score, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590, or fax (02) 9901 6116. This month's closing date is April 30, 2002.

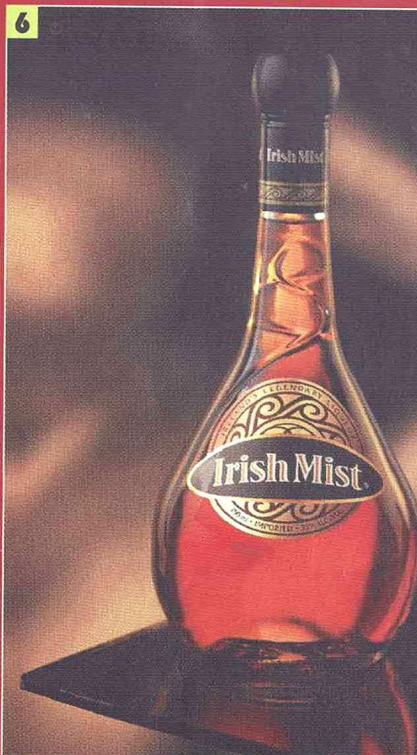


6 A Unique Taste of Ireland

St Patrick's Day is almost upon us, so why not celebrate with a drink that's made using the best Irish distilling traditions? *Irish Mist* is the wonderful taste of aged Irish whiskey blended with honey and herbs to a perfect smoothness. Born over 1200 years ago, it's a classic liqueur to enjoy either on its own, mixed into a cocktail, or in the ultimate Irish Coffee. To win one of five 700ml bottles of Irish Mist, name three Irish counties. RRP \$39.99. Irish Mist is sold at most liquor outlets.

7 Winners Are Sinners

The lucky winners of the hit DVD *Sin* are: Chris Seeto, Frank Ionnelli, Craig Stevens, Aaron Kreltszheim, Lee-Anne Fleming, Greg Gould, David Barnes, George Marinkovic, Elton Inglis, Alan Webster, John Bracewell, Glenn Dalton, Ronald Lim, Thomas Scicluna, Adam Diemar, Jane Andrews, Dean Winnell, Anthony Pickham.





Aria — April
2002 Pet Of
The Month



Aria is Back and Wetter than Ever!

When you own a body like this there's really no need to be coy, and the curvy and very sensuous Aria (back by popular demand) isn't about to hide her light under a bushel. "I say if you've got it, flaunt it. And I do, at every opportunity," she says with a cheeky grin. "Any objections? I didn't think so."

sydney brothels

from page 78

MISS FLEISS ESCORTS

Price: \$500-\$5000 an hour.

Miss Fleiss Escorts began in Sydney in 1994, and according to owner David it is internationally renowned as being the premier place for high-class companions for the rich, famous, and infamous.

"Our girls are highly sought after," says David. "We have beautiful women who are dressed immaculately."

"These girls are the ultimate mistresses and it's not always about sex. Our clients want a high-class companion, a confidante, or a courtesan. These girls are attractive, professional surrogates."

Miss Fleiss escorts are aged between 18 and 45 and are renowned for their "fire and ice" service. Sorry, we can't give away trade secrets here.

(02) 9310 3011
www.missfleiss.com.au

drink with the girls, play pool and just relax before spending time with a girl."

Moreover, legalisation has taken away a little of the stigma attached to men attending these places and is attracting more women to work in them.

Forget the stories of women being exploited. Most women working in the industry see their job as a viable way of earning good money, and having a little fun as well.

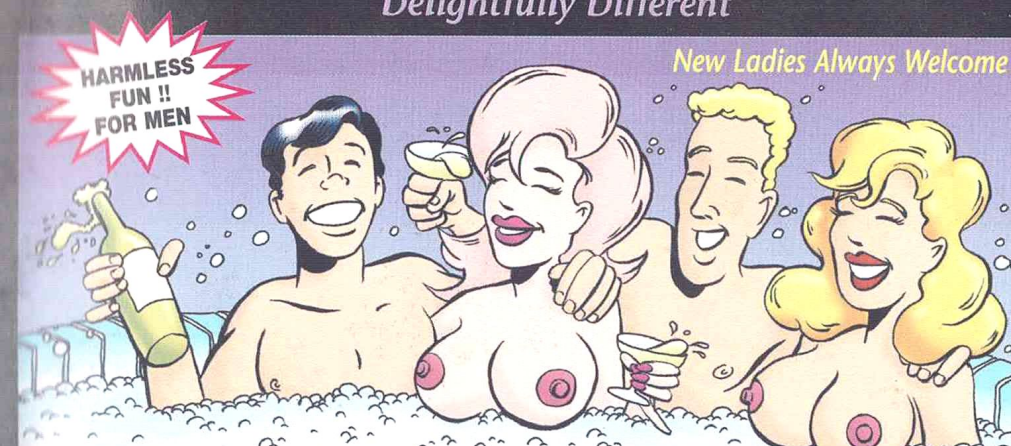
And as for the clients, they're ordinary folk like you and I looking for a little escapism and pleasure in a safe, non-judgmental environment.

There's still a long way to go to change the general community's attitudes toward prostitution, but the establishments featured here are taking positive steps in the right direction.

I bid goodbye to the beautiful Tinka, an entertainer extraordinaire who proved most helpful in my research, and step back out in the early evening's fading light with a big smile on my face. ☺

Kings Court Massage

Delightfully Different



KINGS COURT MASSAGE

P.S. You can catch a cab from the country trains at central rail or every bus starts with four brings you right to the door
OPEN 10am to 3am and twenty four hours on Weekends
20% off 9 am to 12 noon & FREE ENTRY before 9pm Daily
Call in to 261 Broadway Sydney 02 9660 0666
www.kingscourt.com.au

THE GOLDEN CAT

Incorporating Rascals Bordello



金丝猫

中国客人
将由珍妮
华语接待

The GOLDEN CAT - for that little bit more !!

P.S. You can catch a cab from the country trains at central rail or every bus starts with four brings you right to the door
OPEN 10am to 3am and twenty four hours on Weekends
20% off 9 am to 12 noon every day and never a surcharge on credit cards
Call in to 1st Floor 227 Broadway Sydney 02 9660 2000
www.rascalsonbroadway.com.au

You can park in the NEW BROADWAY SHOPPING CENTRE next to our discreet rear entrance at 2 Grose St Glebe.

You can find out more! - For an information pack and discounts for you and all your mates write to us at "Info Pack" PO Box 13 Broadway NSW 2007. Don't forget to include your return address! All info packs are mailed in plain envelopes.

Big John says:
Sneak away to Sydney for a day out at Broadway. You can treat yourself to a Snack, a Movie and a Massage at the famous Kings Court

You are invited to enjoy the Kings Court pleasure experience. We cater for customers during the day as well as the evening. You can park in the NEW BROADWAY SHOPPING CENTRE and MOVIE COMPLEX next to our discreet rear entrance at 18 Grose St Glebe.

More than ninety glamorous massage ladies are available to attend to you on various shifts. As few as ten on a quiet day.

Relax in the spacious lounge and enjoy the introductions over coffee. The service is an excellent adult massage done in the nude by the lady of your choice. You will leave with a smile on your face and a wobble in your knees.

After fifteen years of ribbing from his mates and customers, Big John the owner of Kings Court has finally given in and built a new place with bit more adventure - Rascals - located ten doors down at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.

It recently came to light that there was no Asian translation for the name Rascals. This is a problem as we have Asian clients who enjoy calling in from nearby Chinatown. The closest meaning they have is something like "Dirty Old Man."

We think the idea of being a Rascal is a bit of fun - we tried to explain the concept of the King's brother or the Knave being a naughty boy and a bit of a Rascal but they had no translation for this. We have had to rename "Rascals" to be "The Golden Cat" which in Asian terms means "Blue Eyed Blonde." Not a bad idea!

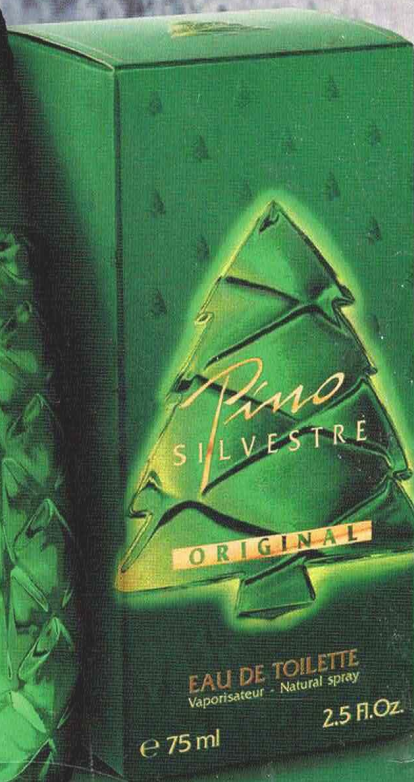
The Golden Cat is a five star full service Bordello, which provides the same friendly conditions as Kings. Our managers will assist you with an introduction to our beautiful ladies who are mostly blue eyed blondes. We are proud to present these well groomed and superbly dressed ladies. Please call into the 1st floor at 227 Parramatta Rd Broadway.



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